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Statistical Service Program

7 In 1919 increased public interest was shown in the statistics of crop production, imports and exports, and consumption requirements, especially with respect to the countries of Europe and there was much speculation as to whether, now that the great war was ended and many restrictions removed, the people of Europe would continue to take large quantities of American farm products, or was their man and purchasing power so reduced as to prevent them from buying freely. This widespread interest meant that a large part of my time was devoted to analyzing and summarizing the statistics of foreign production and consumption requirements, based on such imperfect data as then existed. Also it was a time of planning production programs for the United States, which involved the preparation of many statistical tables showing the average area and production of different crops by regions and sections without regard to state lines, the estimating of domestic and export requirements, the acreage needed to meet these requirements on the basis of average yields, and the apportionment of acreages and production to the various states.

The reorganized crop reporting service had proved so useful and efficient during the two years of our participation in the ~~war~~ ~~increasing demand for the type of information~~ in the war and the increasing demand for the type of information it was designed to furnish, together with the greatly increased activity on the part of economists and pseudo economists and public interest in all phases of ~~marketing~~ marketing and other economic data, suggested to me the desirability of enlarging the scope and activities of the Bureau of Crop Estimates, provided the necessary funds could be secured from Congress to

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enable the bureau to handle the increased work involved. With this in mind I spent much time in drafting a complete crop estimating and statistical program to collect and supply all the different kinds of economic and statistical data that were being demanded. This detailed plan for greatly expanding our service was known in our bureau as the "enlarged program." Copies of this program were circulated in the bureau, a copy went to each field agent, and copies were referred to other bureaus of the Department of Agriculture, with request for criticisms and constructive suggestions. There were few of either. I then wrote out a detailed argument in support of the program and felt prepared to advocate the scheme before the committees in Congress or any other group of men.

In January I made two trips to Baltimore, one to address the National Association of Commissioners of Agriculture, and the other to address the National Association of ~~Colleges~~ Agricultural Colleges. Among the departmental committee meetings I attended in January was a series of conferences to decide upon a program for issuing periodical estimates of the potato crop by states and regions.

7 *The San Francisco Meeting*
In February, in company with Mr. Murray and other bureau officials, I attended a meeting at San Francisco of field agents from states west of the Rocky Mountains. The outgoing trip was over the Pennsylvania and Northwestern Railway lines, and the return by the Southern Pacific and Southern lines. Like all gatherings of field agents this was a very enjoyable and profitable affair, although a strenuous one, because our daily sessions usually lasted from an early hour in the morning until

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late in the evening. Also/I saw to it that any editors or public officials who were known to be hostile or critical of our service were invited to participate in our meetings and criticise and ~~make~~^{make} constructive suggestions as they might think practicable for the benefit of the service from their point of view. At this meeting I recall a luncheon at the Commercial Club overlooking the bay, with Mr. Rowley, editor of the California Fruit News, as host.

Although January was mild there was some snow in the Alleghenies and in the River Platte valley. Crossing the Rockies we encountered cold winds and flurries of snow. Coming down the western slope we passed through a heavy snow storm with flakes extraordinarily large, covering all the trees with a heavy mantle and the ground to a depth of more than a foot. Imagine the impression made by the contrast between this mid-winter snow scene and the spring-like view we saw within two or three hours when we ran out into the Sacramento valley, and saw lush green fields, herds of fat dairy cattle, orange orchards with ripe golden fruit hanging on the trees. By contrast with the wintry East the climate of San^S Francisco seemed mild indeed.

~~The~~
On the return trip I noted that the Salton Sea had receded considerably since I saw it in 1909. The trip across the semi-arid region of southern Arizona, ^{and} New Mexico, was a tiresome one. At El Paso I noted an appreciable growth in the city and a considerable expansion in the areas devoted to irrigated farming with many large pear orchards that I could not remember having seen on my former trip.

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trains with the Louisiana and Arkansas field agents.

Upon returning to Washington I was kept busy with committee meetings charged with the consideration of the food situation in Europe, the reorganization of certain lines of work in the Department of Agriculture, the closing out of the seed grain loans of the previous autumn, Dr. ^Way's proposal to centralize the statistical activities of the entire government in a single bureau or department--which last I opposed on the ground that the statistics collected by each department relate to its special work and field and should not only be collected but interpreted by that department rather than by an independent establishment not in close contact with the industry to which the data relate.

In March I attended a meeting of the Agricultural History Society, conferred with leaders of the extension service and county agents with reference to a proposal to organize crop reporting committees in each county, talked with Mr. Veitch relative to including the production of turpentine in the crop reports, and with representatives of other interests that were seeking to have the bureau make provision for supplying them with periodical information regarding some phase of agricultural production in which they were particularly interested.

7 *The Montgomery Meeting.*
On March 22 I left Washington for Montgomery, Alabama, to attend a meeting of the field agents from the southern states whose problems were somewhat different from those of the northern states. Two sessions were held daily and each agent outlined the methods he had developed for dealing with these special problems and the degree of success he had met with. One great advantage of these group meetings of field agents was that an

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improvement in method in one state became available to the field agents of all other states having the same difficulty to contend with, with the result that the field agents gained in experience and the service steadily improved. On the third day we had the state commissioner of agriculture with us and succeeded in impressing upon him the advantage of cooperating with our field agent for his state. The meeting closed on the 26th with an automobile ride to the Roseland Gardens where some beautiful groves of stately pines were seen and the melting notes of a full throated mocking bird were heard. That evening I caught the train for Savannah.

The next morning we were passing through a portion of southern Georgia where I saw quantities of azaleas and jasmine in bloom, and near Savannah I saw many great white mounds of the wild Cherokee rose.

Cooperation in the Census.

7 In April I had several interviews with the Director of the Bureau of the Census and some of his principal assistants to urge upon them the desirability of utilizing our field agents in the taking, or at least in the summarization of the results of the agricultural census to be taken in 1940. I pointed out to the census officials that our field agents had systematically compiled all the statistical data that had so far been published, each for his own state, in addition to the original data they had collected during the changing period of the war, for which reason each field agent was in a position to detect and check important errors and discrepancies that might develop in the taking of the census with inexperienced men. The director was somewhat sceptical as to the possibility of errors in the census until I pointed out how in former censuses many

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counties were reported as having more land in cultivation than their total areas, including waste and woodlands, where total egg production had been estimated without any allowance for roosters and chicks, where total number of sheep in certain states were reported as much less than the number shipped out a few months after the census was taken, that the production of apples per tree in one state was reported as being twenty bushels, which was obviously preposterous, and it was to avoid such errors in future that I was proposing to place at his disposal a corps of trained men in the federal service who could spot such errors at sight. I suggested that he could readily verify the statement I had made by reference to the reports published by his bureau.

He wanted to know why the Bureau of Crop Estimates was so keenly interested in the work of the Census Bureau. I explained that our interest was two-fold, first that the results of the forthcoming census should be accurate for the sake of the public and the credit, good name, and reputation of the Census Bureau, but more especially because the accuracy and value of our crop estimates depended upon the accuracy of the decennial census^{es} upon which they were based, because we took the census figures of areas in crops and numbers of livestock as a base line or starting point, and if the census was wrong then our estimates ~~were~~ would be wrong for a period of ten years unless we discovered and corrected the error made by another bureau: and furthermore, because our estimates were made on a percentage basis and shifted year by year from the census starting point, an error became ^cumulative and greatly exaggerated in the course of ten years and when the new census figures were published there

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The director ^{was} obviously a man of small caliber who was

blinded by the glamour of his position, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

of the details of his own bureau, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ resentful

of my interest in the census, cold and unresponsive to my proposal

of cooperation; but his subordinates, any one of whom was a dig-

ger man than the director ^{himself} ~~was~~ simply a political appointee,

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gency field organization and the inherent difficulties of a de-

ennial agricultural census, especially after such unusual shifts

in areas of production as had been made during the war, were quite

open minded and welcomed cooperation from any source. The result

of the pigmy minded opposition of the director was that there was

little or no cooperation between the two branches of the ser-

vice in 1920, but under a new director there was full cooper-

tion in the agricultural census of 1925. Among the errors of

the 1920 census I recall the omission of several counties in

Wisconsin, and the omission of many sugar and rice plantations

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in Louisiana and nearby states, which were checked and corrected when our field agents for those states challenged the census results and submitted lists of plantations, growers, and areas more complete than those of the Census Bureau.

In April I was designated by the Secretary to represent the Department of Agriculture on the interdepartmental committee to cooperate with the Joint Commission of Congress to reclassify the salaries of government employes.

The Des Moines Meeting.

7 On the 20th of April I left Washington with Mr. Murray to attend a meeting of field agents from the cornbelt and neighboring states at Des Moines, Iowa. In addition to the usual business of such meetings, i.e., contact between the administrative officials of the bureau and the field agents and discussion of common problems in a group of states, there were two incidental objects that made it seem wise to hold the meeting at Des Moines rather than at some other point such as Minneapolis or Chicago, namely, to arrange for cooperation with the Iowa State Weather Bureau under Mr. Reid, and to win the cooperation and good will of Mr. Henry C. Wallace, editor of Wallace's Farmer. Both Mr. Reid and Mr. Wallace had been critical of the crop reporting service. Iowa was the only State that had organized its own weather service, and when the Weather Bureau of the United States extended its service it could not displace the State service, and did the obvious thing which was to reach a cooperative agreement. The Iowa weather bureau also published crop reports and livestock statistics for the state with the decided advantage of having access to the annual tax assessor's returns. Mr. Reid at the head of the service was a good statistician and

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Both Mr. Reid and Mr. Wallace had been critical of the crop reporting service. Iowa was the only state that had organized its own weather service, and when the Weather Bureau of the United States extended its service it could not displace the state service, and did the obvious thing which was to reach a cooperative agreement. The Iowa weather bureau also published crop reports and livestock statistics for the state with the decided advantage of having access to the annual tax assessor's returns. Mr. Reid at the head of the service was a good statistician and

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rightly had great confidence in the statistics published by his office and ^{was} justly proud of his organization and methods. Naturally he was inclined to be critical when the Federal Bureau of Crop Estimates published statistics for his state that differed even slightly from those published by his office, and he was loath to combine his office with the federal bureau ~~lest~~ lest it limit his freedom of action, importance and prestige. However, when Mr. Murray and I, in company with our Iowa field agent, Mr. Pinney, called upon him for a heart to heart talk we found that he fully appreciated the inherent difficulties of crop estimating, the possibilities for error, and the absurdity of trying to operate two independent offices in the same state, and he readily agreed to consider any plan of cooperation we might suggest. Such a plan was drawn up and after full discussion and some minor changes he signed an agreement.

"Wallace's Farmer" was probably the most influential farm paper in the corn belt region. It was sane, safe, sound, sensible and presented the farmers problems and difficulties fearlessly and no other farm paper in the United States had fought such a good fight to make the business men of America realize that agriculture is a basis industry and is entitled to equal rights and privileges with other industries. And yet, Mr. Henry C. Wallace, a most lovable, honest and fair-minded man, had from time to time permitted disparaging remarks concerning the government crop reports to appear in his paper. In advance of our meeting I wrote both him and his son, Henry A. Wallace, a cordial invitation to attend our meetings. On the day of my arrival at Des Moines I called, in company with Mr. Murray and our Iowa field agent, and said that I would be much disappointed if

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he and his son did not attend at least one of our meetings and see what a fine lot of capable, trained, enthusiastic, and devoted field agents the bureau had employed and organized for estimating the crop and livestock production of the corn belt states and list^en to their discussion of crop and livestock problems that rarely occurred to the average farmer, business man, or editor; and I invited him or any one he cared to bring or send to criticize us and our methods freely, because if our system, methods, and men, were not the best in the world we proposed to make them so and would welcome suggestions from any source. I also outlined to him our plan of cooperation with the Iowa State Weather Bureau in order to do away with duplication of work and expense and occasional conflicting reports, and the benefits and advantages that would come from combining the inadequate resources and equipment of the two services. Mr. Wallace listened attentively and smilingly and it was evident that he was pleased and interested. He invited us to take luncheon with him at the City Club where I had an opportunity of outlining to him some of my plans for expanding and improving the crop reporting service. He and his son attended several of our meetings and I invited them to participate in the discussions. Both father and son were present at the closing session and Mr. Wallace, Sr., joined in the felicitations. We came away assured of his friendship and that of Mr. Reid, and of other influential citizens of Des Moines.

Other Activities

7 Upon my return to the Washington office I plunged into the usual round of bureau administration, correspondence, interviews, and committee meetings. At the request of the Secretary I for-

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ulated a set of definitions of "staple crops." Regular meetings of the Committee on Reclassification of Salaries took much time. Special committees on seed, fertilizers, ^{and} crop production programs took more time not only in attendance but in the preparation and presentation of statistics relating to those subjects. The Committee on Finance and Business Methods, of which I was chairman, was especially active and held frequent meetings; also the building committee with its constant problem of finding space for expanding bureaux. I recall the preparation of material for the use of Col. Owsley ~~for~~ Ousley^r, assistant secretary, to meet an expected attack on the crop estimating service at a convention of some kind in New Orleans. ^{HP} The crop reporting service has always been and probably always will be under a ~~xxxxx~~ fire from some source because its reports have a decisive influence on the prices of the speculative crops, such as cotton, cereals, and tobacco. The ~~x~~ buyers and sellers who happen to be on the right side of the market ^{ex} and make profits are, for the time being, quite satisfied with the crop reports and swear by them, but when the same men happen to be on the wrong side of the market and suffer losses, they are prone to shut their eyes to obvious conditions and blame the crop reporting bureau for their own lack of foresight and judgment and this blame sometimes finds expression in violent and unjust criticism. Such criticism did not disturb the bureau officials because they were used to it, were confident ^e in the general accuracy of the crop reports, but other officials of the department not so familiar with the system and sources of information and the scrupulous care with which the reports were prepared, especially the Secretary and the Assistant Secretary of Agriculture,

~~xxxxxxx~~ and some of the other bureau chiefs, were liable to severe attacks of the K jitters, when charges of egregious error, collusion, graft, giving out of advance information, and the like appeared in the press. Thus in 1919, there was a reduction in the acreage of cotton, rather unfavorable growing conditions, a prospect for reduced yields, an/ active demand, and favorable high prices, all matters of common knowledge. The buyers who had to pay the higher prices to obtain cotton tried to make themselves ~~xxx~~ and others believe that conditions were more favorable than those reported by the bureau; and ~~the growers, led by~~ a proselyting fanatic, a Mr. Wanamaker, cotton grower and banker of South Carolina, and president of the American Cotton Growers Association, was prophesying a great cotton crop disaster and criticising the crop reporting service for not reporting true conditions as he saw them. The main object of the Association, of course, was to boost the price of cotton by predicting a small crop and for this purpose it carried on active and misleading propaganda. Wanamaker organized a cotton crop reporting service of his own, sent out questionnaires monthly to members of the association, and a few days prior to the issuance of the government's cotton report would publish in the official organ of the association of price boosters a cotton report in which all the ~~unf~~ favorable factors were suppressed and all the unfavorable factors were stressed with an estimate of production that was ridiculous to any well informed person. Usually a day or two before the issuance of the government report he would send a long telegram to the Secretary of Agriculture and to me, giving his own estimate,

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often couched in impertinent language with a threat of serious consequences if the government report did not confirm his estimate. All such communications were invariably referred to me and placed in a sealed envelope, to be opened and read for the edification and amusement of the Crop Reporting Board after their report~~N~~ had been made up and released. For some months this year each crop report had been followed by a published tirade by Wannamaker with threats of a Congressional investigation of the crop reporting service, and abolition of that service. He could make those threats with impunity because Congress was not in session. Secretary Houston was not at all disturbed at these recurring tirades and the publicity that was given them in the newspapers of the south, but Assistant Secretary O^unsley, who was from Texas, was very uneasy. He had been invited to speak at the meeting in New Orleans, at which Mr. Wannamaker was to be present, and expecting an attack on the government crop reports, he asked me for ammunition. I supplied him with all and more ammunition than he could use, but it turned out as in so many similar cases, the attack did not materialize.

In May a group of Japanese officials called at the bureau to study our crop reporting system and organization. I sketched the system slowly and distinctly in its broad outlines and they made copious notes, but from the blank look on their faces and their grunts to one another I strongly suspected that they did not fully understand the significance of what I was saying. However, I sent them away smiling when I handed them a complete collection of printed reports and mimeograph instructions relating to our work. On departing they bowed themselves out with

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much ceremony, after one of them had presented me with a diminutive fan which he extracted from a pocket. Later I saw similar fans in the shops of Tokio and other Japanese cities for sale at less than the equivalent of one American cent.

In June a delegation of peanut growers from southern Virginia called to see what data we could supply on their special crop and to arrange for more complete information in future. Also I drafted a paper for Mr. Pyle, president of the Nurserymen's Association, for use at their annual meeting in Chicago.

In July I appeared before the Printing Committee of the Senate with Mr. Reid, Chief of the Division of Publications, and Mr. Smith, Chief of the Information Division, to argue for the continuance of the Monthly Crop Reporter. There has always been more or less opposition to the periodical publications ~~of the~~ and press services of the government departments in Washington on the part of newspaper correspondents. Also these publications involve considerable public expense. Senator Reed Smoot, chairman of the Senate committee, ^a ~~was~~ making strenuous efforts to cut down the printing expenses of the government. During the war period the Government Printing Office, said to be the largest establishment of its kind in the world, was kept extremely busy with the enormous amount of emergency printing incident to the war, at the close of which there was a vast accumulation of routine and scientific publications to be disposed of. Among other things that Senator Smoot did was to have an executive order issued suspending publication of all government periodicals until resumption of publication was authorized by his committee. I made the argument for the continuation of the Monthly Crop Re-

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the Office of Infomation. A few days later I met with a special committee to consider a memorandum submitted by Assistant Secretary ^uOwsley regarding a ~~national~~ reorganization of the national activities of the Department of Agriculture, and later I prepared the report of the committee. Toward the close of the month I wrote letters to all chiefs of bureaux and state commissioners of agriculture transmitting copies of my "enlarged program" for the Bureau of Crop Estimates, soliciting criticism, suggestions, cooperation, and support.

On August 27th I proceeded to Columbus, Ohio, and the following day addressed a convention of volunteer crop reports for the State, to whom I also butlined our plans for the expansion of the service.

Early in December I met with a group of department officials and specialists to decide upon a program for reporting upon the production of cereals in foreign countries, in connection with which I prepared a summary of the cereal situation throughout the world. A few days later I prepared a draft of a fall planting program for the United States in accordance with the consensus of opinion of the Prodaction Committee.

Toward the close of the month I went to Kansas City to attend the meetings of the International Farm Congress. While there I addressed the Rotary Club, the assembled crop reporters of Kansas and Missouri, and before the full convention outlined my plans for expanding and improving the crop reporting service, all three addresses being applauded and bringing many compliments and much commendation.

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An amusing incident occurred at one of these meetings.

Julius H. Barnes, head of the grain corporation, had been invited to speak. He gave an excellent address in which he outlined the outstanding achievements of the Grain Corporation, especially its service in a time of car shortage in moving the grain crop of the middle west. His audience was made up largely of grain growers from Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, Nebraska, and Iowa. These men were plain farmers of the class I ^{had} met the previous year in administering the seed grain loans in the southwest. When Mr. Barnes concluded his speech, to which they listened patiently and attentively, ~~most~~ ^{many} of them sprang to their feet and demanded recognition as one man. Those who gained the floor cited case after case of what to them appeared inexcusable delay and inefficiency on the part of the Grain Corporation in supplying cars to move their mountains of grain, delays that ran into weeks and months, with consequent loss and irritation, and some of them had been sophisticated enough to run down the line to the terminal markets and list the long lines of idle cars, and they read off their names and numbers, and then they all yelled, "How about it Mr. Barnes," and the audience nodded their heads and ^Pclapped ~~clapd~~ their hands in approval. Mr. Barnes was evidently much embarrassed when he had to admit that he was not familiar with individual cases, and then he beat a hasty and ignominious retreat, the presiding officer explaining that Mr. Barnes had to catch a train for an important engagement at a distant point.

I was greatly impressed by the fearlessness of these western farmers, many of them from remote districts, their selfpossession and ability to say in a public assembly what they wanted to say. Why, the city men I was accustomed to meet were

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craven cowards in comparison, and I felt like getting up and shouting, "Hooray for Kansas, hooray for Missouri, Hooray for Iowa, and Oklahoma and Texas," for I felt that here was real America, men who worked, who thought, who were close to the ground, who knew certain facts from personal observation and experience, who were not dazzled by title, wealth, or position, who knew their legal and moral rights, and who were absolutely unafraid, and yet were fair and reasonable. I swelled with a feeling of pride that I had grown up in much the same atmosphere and felt like praying that all men in the United States might have that same sense of fundamental facts and human rights and that same courage in standing up for their rights and fearlessness in expressing themselves. Here, I thought, is the real United States, the real Americans, and not east of the Alleghenies, as so many business men in the east, especially in and around Boston, seem to think. Apparently not one of these plain prairie farmers felt that he could not meet the polished and astute Mr. Barnes, backed by the government of the United States, on his own ground in public debate. Nowhere else in the world have I seen a similar spirit or ability displayed in a public assemblage by ~~many~~ real farmers.

I returned by way of Springfield and Chicago, Illinois, At Springfield I had a satisfactory interview with our state field agent, Mr. Fessenden, and inspected his office and equipment. At Chicago I called at the headquarters of the Illinois Farm Bureau, a branch of the American Farm Bureau Federation, a recent farm organization that was growing rapidly and of which great things were expected. After a short wait I was granted a short interview by the president of the association, Mr. T.A.

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October brought the usual succession of time-consuming committee meetings, one of them having to do with the duplication of work by the young but growing Office of Markets, especially with respect to foreign statistics. I had an interview with Secretary Houston regarding my "enlarged program," which would involve an annual appropriation of nearly a million dollars. He was understandingly sympathetic but insistent upon the necessity for economy in all governmental expenditures. A few days later his private secretary, Floyd Harrison, notified me that the secretary had approved both the enlarged program and the estimate of increased appropriation, with the remark that Mr. Estabrook had submitted the only really constructive program in the department.

About this time I prepared specific answers to a series of charges made to the Secretary by Mr. Wannamaker of the American Cotton Growers Association, and immediately thereafter was authorized to proceed as a delegate to the World Cotton Congress at New Orleans.

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Laurel, Miss., where I was joined by our cotton crop specialist, Mr. Pryor. We arrived at New Orleans about noon the 13th. I stopped at the Greenwald Hotel and had luncheon with Mr. Pryor and our Louisiana field agent, Mr. Dennee. In the afternoon I registered for the committee on research and statistical reports which was not yet organized, and listened to opening addresses by Mr. Theodore Price and Mr. Wannamaker. Mr. Price had been an employee of the old Bureau of Statistics, predecessor of the Bureau of Crop Estimates, and after becoming a broker in New York had been a severe critic of the bureau. Mr. Wannamaker, whom I saw for the first time, was a small, frail looking man with a pallid, ascetic face and a shock of long black hair. As soon as he began to speak I recognized the southern, oratorical, camp meeting type of speaker, a man who thoroughly understood the psychology of the southern cotton growers and who did not hesitate to appeal to their narrow prejudices, passions, and selfinterest. With all the passion and vehemence of a religious prophet in the wilderness burning with holy and self-sacrificing zeal he painted the woes of the southern white slaves who wore out their lives in untold hardship, privation, and misery, to produce cotton for the plutocratic octopus mills of the north and of Europe, and for the unholy cotton speculators of Wall Street and Liverpool; but now the time had come when the pure and holy cotton slaves of the south had their eyes open, and he warned the hated octopuses of the north and of Europe that never again could they hope to get cheap cotton from the United States; that the cotton crop of 1919 was suffering a disaster the true proportions of which were not suspected and

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the octopuses would soon learn to their sorrow and great financial loss that the cotton crop of the United States that year would be the smallest in more than a century. Because of his violent attacks on the ~~crop~~^r reporting bureau, the plutocrats, the octopuses, and the Wall Street speculators, and a most effective system of propaganda in the cotton growing states, ^{he} had built up a considerable following ^a and was regarded as the arch enemy of the Bureau of Crop Estimates. *P* As soon as I learned that I would have an opportunity to meet him at New Orleans I wrote him a frank personal letter to the effect that I had grown up on a small cotton farm in Texas and was entirely and naturally sympathetic to the cotton growers, that I had reason to believe that the government cotton reports were the best in the world, and if not I hoped to make them so, and asking for an appointment with him in New Orleans with a view to arranging for the cooperation of his organization in crop reporting. To this letter I received a very friendly but evasive reply. He was stopping at the Greenwald Hotel also, but for several days I was unsuccessful in my efforts to catch him disengaged. Always his room was full of people, or he was surrounded by a swarm of enthusiastic admirers in the lobby. ~~Finally~~ I camped out on his trail and finally caught him without his guard for a few minutes, reminded him of my letter and his reply, and then proceeded to tell him that the interests of the cotton growers which we both had at heart would be best served not by public criticism of the government cotton reports but by cooperation in making them so good that they would be above criticism, absolutely accurate, complete, and dependable. He readily agreed to this and readily promised cooperation, but I could see that he was un-

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comfortable, that his mind was not on the subject, that he was distraught, flighty, and he appeared to be on the verge of a nervous breakdown. *P* That evening, following a veiled attack on the crop reporting service by the pigmy director of the Census, I addressed the convention and told the delegates in the utmost detail how the crop reports were prepared by the government, asserted that we had the most complete organization and system in the world, that I had no doubt our estimates were often more accurate, as we were prepared to prove, than some of the reports issued by the Census Bureau, and that I had conferred with Mr. Wannamaker and had his personal assurance of the co-operation of the Cotton Growers Association in future in an effort to ^{improve} ~~make~~ the governments official cotton reports ~~the best in the world~~, which I conceived to be the best aid we could extend to the cotton growers, the association, and the industry, and I had no hesitation in challenging the assembly ~~xxx~~ individually and collectively to point out a better way. My address was roundly cheered.

That evening I invited the director of the Census, who had slurred the crop reporting service in a most ~~underhand, and~~ cowardly, and underhand manner, to be my guest for supper with Mr. Pryor, our cotton crop specialist. After an excellent supper in an old time restaurant we walked through the French quarter and Mr. Pryor pointed out many of the historic landmarks for which New Orleans is famous.

In the same coach on the return trip was the director of the Census, now very friendly, and Mr. George Livingston, the new chief of the Office of Markets who succeeded Mr. Brand, whom I did not know very well. On the train we became better acquaint-

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ed and I found him to be a most courteous gentleman and very desirous of settling the foolish differences that had grown up between his office and my bureau, which was very gratifying to me. ^{HP}After my return to Washington I made a trip to Hagerstown, Md., to attend meetings of the Historical Society of that State and a Farm Congress held at the same place^a and time. Here I met Dr. A. F. Woods, my former chief in the Bureau of Plant Industry and then President of the Maryland State University, and Prof. Simonds, director of the ^aMayland Extension Service. Also I heard a brilliant but brief address by a young man, Charles Holman, on dairy organization. Some years later I became better acquainted with him at the Farm Hands Club in Washington and learned that he grew up in Texas, as I did. At one of the meetings I gave a ten minute talk on crops^s reports and their value to farmers.

Early in November I was designated by the Secretary to represent the Department of Agriculture on the Council of National Defense, whose meetings I regularly attended thereafter. Our first meeting was held in the office of the Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker, who gave us a rather lengthy but brilliant address on the functions and possibilities of the council. He explained that the Council had been composed exclusively of members of the President's Cabinet during the war, but now that the war was over their powers and responsibilities could be delegated to picked men of demonstrated ability and loyalty, vision and true Americanism, ^{one from each department.} I think that each one of us felt that selection for service on that Council was a very real distinction,

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In December I prepared an analysis of my proposed increase in appropriation estimates and revised the argument for the enlargement of the crop estimating service. I was appointed a member of a committee with Dr. A. C. True, as chairman, and Dr. David Fairchild, and a Mr. Thompson of the Office of Farm Management, to consider the relations of the Department of Agriculture with the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, and we drafted a report recommending an increase of \$10,000 in the contribution from the United States to enable the government to pay an adequate salary for a thoroughly well qualified ~~xxxxx~~ representative at the Institute, with travel and secretarial allowance.

A few days later I attended a supper given by the Secretary of Agriculture at the Cosmos Club where the coming hearings before the Agricultural Committee of the House was discussed.

About this time a new Assistant Secretary of Agriculture who had been appointed to succeed Col. ⁿ~~A~~ Owsley came to my office. He was from Indiana and had obtained his appointment through political backing in his home state. He claimed to be a "practical farmer," and had come to Washington with an exalted idea of his own importance and with the expectation of quickly put-

I wrote a number of articles outlining my program for an expanded crop reporting service for various periodicals, including Wallace's Farmer, and the Kansas City Star, of which my friend, Dr. H. J. Waters was editor. Also I met with the Extension Service leaders at the National Museum and a group of economists to consider the proposed reclassification of government salaries.

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A few days later I attended a supper given by the Secretary of Agriculture at the Cosmos Club where the coming hearings before the Agricultural Committee of the House was discussed. About this time a new Assistant Secretary of Agriculture who had been appointed to succeed Col. O'Keeffe came to my office. He was from Indiana and had obtained his appointment through political backing in his home state. He claimed to be a "practical farmer," and had come to Washington with an exalted idea of his own importance and with the expectation of quickly out-

ting the department on a "practical" basis, discharging superfluous employes, and effecting striking and much needed economies. He took the oath of office and was installed behind a large mahogany desk--the same one I had used as chief clerk--and waited for the agricultural world to come to him. He soon realized that the United States Department of Agriculture was a great and complicated institution, that its army of officials, specialists, and employes, were strenuously engaged in doing things authorized and required by law, and that he alone seemed to have nothing to do without specific instructions from the Secretary, and that every suggestion and recommendation that he ventured to make was either ignored or instantly punctured by some statement by a subordinate of some obvious reason that had never occurred to him. He was filled with impotent rage and very unhappy. I was sympathetic, because his situation was tragic, and after listening to him patiently as he unburdened himself, I counceled a thoroughgoing study of the organization and functions of the Department of Agriculture in all its manifold branches, the laws under which it operated, and the soils, climate, and crops of the different regions of the United States, together with the estimates of appropriation submitted by the chiefs of bureaux and the reasons advanced in support of their estimates and see if he could pick any flaws in them or advance any constructive suggestions regarding them. I suggested that we begin with my own Bureau of Crop Estimates. I trotted him through the bureau and asked him if he saw any ~~excess~~ superfluous employee loafing on his job to point him out to me and I would recommend him for instant discharge; he could endorse it, the Secretary would approve it, and there would be one less barnacle on the ship

ting the department on a "practical" basis, discharging superfluous employees, and effecting striking and much needed economies. He took the oath of office and was installed behind a large mahogany desk--the same one I had used as chief clerk--and waited for the agricultural world to come to him. He soon realized that the United States Department of Agriculture was a great and complicated institution, that its army of officials, specialists, and employees, were strenuously engaged in doing things authorized and required by law, and that he alone seemed to have nothing to do without specific instructions from the Secretary, and that every suggestion and recommendation that he ventured to make was either ignored or instantly punctured by some statement by a subordinate of some obvious reason that had never occurred to him. He was filled with impotent rage and very unhappy. I was sympathetic, because his situation was tragic, and after listening to him patiently as he unburdened himself, I counseled a thoroughgoing study of the organization and functions of the Department of Agriculture in all its manifold branches, the laws under which it operated, and the soils, climate, and crops of the different regions of the United States, together with the estimates of appropriation submitted by the chiefs of bureaus and the reasons advanced in support of their estimates and see if he could pick any flaws in them or advance any constructive suggestions regarding them. I suggested that we begin with my own Bureau of Crop Estimates. I trotted him through the bureau and asked him if he saw any ~~weak~~ superfluous employees loitering on his job to point him out to me and I would recommend him for instant discharge; he could endorse it, the Secretary would approve it, and there would be one less parasite on the ship

of State. I showed him reams of tabulation sheets covered with bewildering arrays of figures, a row of filing cases full of tabulations of crop areas and production and numbers of live-stock so far as published for all countries in the world, and another row of file cases full of index cards bearing the names of more than a quarter of a million farmers, and asked him if he cared to see the list for his home state; then I led him into the mailing section where questionnaires were being folded and inserted in envelopes and the envelopes sealed by automatic electrically driven machines faster than the eye could follow. Back in my private office I loaded him up with printed crop reports, charts, and copies of the "enlarged program" and the argument and suggested that after he had read and digested these I would be happy to explain every detail of the crop reporting system to him. He was naturally dazed. Thereafter he came to my office one or more times a week and consulted me as a kind of oracle, but all his schemes for the reformation of the Department of Agriculture were so crude and displayed so much ignorance that the best way I could help him was to point out diplomatically certain practical difficulties and legal obstacles that had escaped his attention. Usually he saw the point and was grateful for being shown, but on the whole I think he was the unhappiest man in public life I ever saw, about as unhappy as an innocent hoodlum in a refined club, or an unregenerate sinner in heaven, all due to his limited and circumscribed experience. He was simply a horrible example of a misfit political appointee.

I was asked by Secretary Houston to serve as a substitute for him in addressing the New York Farmers Club. This was an organization of New York ~~businessmen~~ wealthy business men

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that owned country estates and took an amateurish interest in farming. They met quarterly and it was an annual custom with them to invite the Secretary of Agriculture to address them at one of their meetings. Sometimes the Secretary accepted the invitation, but if it was not convenient for him to go he would designate a substitute. This time I was the substitute. On December 16 I went to New York City and attended the banquet of the Club which was held in the rooms of the Knickerbocker Club. It was a sumptuous affair and the bar was wide open in anticipation of the country wide prohibition law under the 18th amendment to the Constitution that was to take effect in a few weeks. The banquet was the best I had seen so far, cut glass, silver and gold service, ~~silver and gold service~~, attractive dishes, champagne and beautiful surroundings, and everybody in full dress uniform ^{and} ~~and~~ smoking Havana cigars. I was the principal speaker and I took advantage of the opportunity to explain how a relatively small force of trained employes was able to estimate with a fair degree of accuracy the area and production of crops that had never been surveyed or measured, the value of the service to business men, the incomparable sources of information we had at our command, and our plans for expanding and improving the service. This group of big business men were good enough to listen attentively and to applaud heartily my remarks. After I sat down there was a rising vote of thanks and I was plied with Havana cigars and unlimited champagne. In the adjoining room to which the members adjourned to smoke and converse was a table on which were bottles of every known kind of wine and spirits presided over by an imposing waiter in uniform. The chairman explained to me that in view of the impending

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drouth the club was trying to reduce its stocks of fine liquorss, and he expressed the hope that I would cooperate to this laudible end. Upon his courteous invitation I joined him in sampling several excellent wines and liquers until I was conscious that outlines and words of speech were not as clear and distinct as usual, which I took as a warning that I had had enough, whereupon I thanked the chairman for his courtesy and consideration and bid him and others who crowded around good night. A few days later both the Secretary of Agriculture and I received a most flattering letter from the president of the club expressing the highest appreciation of my address. This seemed to please the Secretary as much as it did me.

The morning after the address I rode on the surface cars down to the Battery. The streets were covered with ice and snow and I saw many horses slipping and falling. The cold was intense and the train on which I left New York was inadequately heated. The windows were covered with a sheeet of ice and the passengers sat muffled in overcoats and wraps.

On the 19th I gave a talk on crop estimates before the men's club of the Foundry Methodist Church in Washington.

The Agricultural Committee of the House of Representatives had begun its hearings on the estimates of the department, but did not reach my bureau before adjournment over the Christmas holidays.

One day in December, with a group of my principal assistants, Messrs. Murray. Jones, Gage, and others, we walked down to the wharves in lower Washington along the river front and had an oyster stew for luncheon. We did this one or more times every winter.

On the whole the year 1919 was one of the busiest and happiest of my official life, I had worked under pressure, there were alternating periods of travel and office work, the work was varied, important, and responsible, and I had conceived an idea and elaborated a plan for enlarging and improving my own branch of the service.

My private life was satisfactory, although Sunny Hill Farm had shown a deficit because of an unfavorable season. My family and I had made frequent visits to the farm. which were always joyful occasions. When I first bought the farm and saw the stony and rundown condition of the small fields I concluded that I could buy feed for the team from my valley neighbors cheaper than I could grow it and pay for seed, fertilizers, and labor. This was true under prewar conditions when the price of feed was low. But the war advanced the price of feed several hundred per cent. In the winter of 1918-19 it cost me \$650 to provide feed for a team that cost only \$400. I tried to rent land within working distance of Sunny Hill on which to grow feed, using my own team, tools, and hired man, but could not find an acre for rent at any price. In conversation with a neighbor whose land adjoined mine I learned that he had not realized that the price of land had advanced, as it always does ~~in~~ when prices of farm products go up, and that he was willing to sell his small farm at prewar prices. I closed the deal at once, borrowing the purchase price on my town house through a building and loan association. This made me independent of my valley neighbors in a time of exorbitant prices for horse feed.

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My wife's father, who had lived with us for many years, died in the summer of this year after passing his 99th birthday, not quite reaching the century mark.

My sister left the War Department where she ^{was} ~~was~~ employed to accept a position with the Vocational Education Board in New York. Her daughter and son-in-law, both professional musicians, came from Indianapolis to Washington and were employed in a local theater. My father retired from the Navy Yard and he and mother moved out to their country place near Sunny Hill Farm. I was therefore able to see them frequently on my weekly visits to the farm.

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In January of 1920 I appeared before the Agricultural Committee of the House of Representatives and made my plea for an increase of appropriation sufficient to enlarge the crop estimating service along the lines of the program I submitted. The members of the committee appeared to be interested but the chairman, Mr. Haugen, was not sympathetic. His method was that of a prosecuting attorney or small politician and his manners were brutal. In spite of constant and irrelevant interruptions I persisted, because I wanted the argument for the expanded service to appear in the printed record. Toward the last the chairman was so manifestly unfair that other members of the committee protested, one of them saying, "Mr. Chairman, Mr. Estabrook has answered that question fully several times; why ask it again?" We were warned that orders had come from the White House to reduce all appropriations at least 25%, but in spite of this I was greatly disappointed when the Agricultural Bill was finally reported out by the committee to see that a substantial reduction had been made in the appropriation for the Bureau of Crop Estimates, instead of the increase that was so badly needed and that I had worked so hard to obtain. The only course left was to appeal to the Senate Committee, which I did through the Secretary's office. In addition I interviewed several Senators and supplied them with material explaining the necessity for an increase. I recall that Senator Kenyon of Iowa and Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi, and several others, promised their support.

I visited and secured the support of the officials at the Washington headquarters of the American Farm Bureau Federation and of the National Grange. Notwithstanding support from various quarters the bill as finally passed carried a reduction. Every

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one with whom I discussed the matter, even Senators and Members of the House of Representatives who voted against the increase, readily agreed that the program for the enlargement and improvement of the crop estimating service was both logical and desirable, but just at that period economy in public expenditures seemed to be of paramount importance.

Throughout the year, in addition to the routine administration of the bureau, I continued to serve as chairman of the committee on finance and business methods in the Department of Agriculture and as a member of the Council of National Defense, as well as on many special committees.

In January I drafted a memorandum for the Council of National Defense on the formation of a central committee on statistics. Toward the close of the month the Secretary's private Secretary informed me that Mr. Livingston had been appointed chief of the Office of Markets of which he had been acting chief following the resignation of Mr. Brand. He said that I had been considered for the post but the Secretary decided that I was too useful in my present position, and could not be spared.

Early in February Secretary Houston was transferred to the Treasury Department and was succeeded by Mr. E. T. Meredith, editor of Successful Farming, Des Moines, Iowa, and a member of the Board of Directors of the United States Chamber of Commerce.

Mr. Houston was one of the sanest and ablest public men whom I have ever met and the best economist the Department of Agriculture ever had, but as Secretary of Agriculture he was a misfit, partly because he was not especially interested in agriculture except as an economic factor, partly because of the short shrift he gave to enthusiastic advocates of impracticable schemes

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Early in February Secretary Houston was transferred to the Treasury Department and was succeeded by Mr. E. T. Meredith, editor of Successful Farming, Des Moines, Iowa, and a member of the Board of Directors of the United States Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Houston was one of the earnest and ablest public men whom I have ever met and the best economist in the Department of Agriculture ever had, but as Secretary of Agriculture he was a misfit, partly because he was not especially interested in agriculture except as an economic factor, partly because of the short snuff he gave to enthusiastic advocates of impracticable schemes

for bettering the condition of farmers or for saving the nation, and because of his aversion to meeting callers at the department who had no particular business other than to pay their respects so that they could report back to their home folks that they had conferred with the Secretary of Agriculture. His equally strong aversion to publicity and departmental ballyhoo also acted as a wet blanket on many of the activities of the department. He was as nearly impervious to criticism as any public man I have known, and this trait was the foundation of his very great service to the Department of Agriculture, namely, that he stood like a stone wall against the tremendous pressure that was brought to bear at the beginning and throughout the Democratic administration to make a rather clean sweep of all the higher salaried positions and fill them with a hungry hord of office seekers. Such a course would have been a calamity because during the long administration of Secretary Wilson a scientific and technical staff had been built up that had been in service just long enough to begin to get results. Had these men been dismissed it would have taken years to have brought together another such group as Taylor of Plant Industry, Mohler of Animal Industry, Howard of Entomology, Whitney of Soils, Alsberg of Chemistry, and others of like caliber. to say nothing of the scores of trained specialists under their leadership. My personal feeling has always been that Secretary Houston, who spent most of his time at the White House during the war period and was known to be very close to the President, was largely responsible for inspiring such firmness as the President displayed in dealing with Germany and in actually entering the war.

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E--912.

On February 2 the chiefs of bureaux gathered in the office of the Secretary to bid farewell to Mr. Houston and meet Mr. Meredith as his successor. I shall never forget the good impression Mr. Meredith made. We had all been unmercifully grilled before the Congressional committees, much as if we were public malefactors; our appropriations had been sliced, which meant retrenchment and the postponement of cherished plans and projects. None of us had met the incoming Secretary and we were all apprehensive that the flood gates of a political inundation would follow, and the patient work of years might go for naught. Mr. Meredith's frank, open manners and hearty greeting impressed us favorably from the first moment of meeting. After taking the oath of office in our presence and Mr. Houston had ~~parted~~ departed, the new Secretary said in effect:

"Frankly, gentlemen, I don't pretend to know much if anything about the Department of Agriculture: I understand it is a great institution for scientific research to promote agriculture in this country, and as such I am in hearty sympathy with it and with your aims and plans for developing that service; in all probability I shall not hold this office for more than a year, obviously too short a time for me to begin to understand clearly all the important projects that are under way: therefore I shall have to depend upon you gentlemen to direct the technical work of the department; but there is one thing I can do that I think needs to be done and that is to let the public know what a wonderful scientific organization it has in its Department of Agriculture, the remarkable results that have been achieved already, and the possibilities for beneficial and profitable results in future. If we can succeed in selling the

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service of the U.S. Department of Agriculture to the American public I am confident Congress will provide adequate appropriations."

Thus it was that the group of bureau chiefs who entered the office of the Secretary that morning discouraged and apprehensive, came out greatly encouraged and smiling, and a new spirit of optimism spread quickly throughout the service.

Mr. Meredith made warm friends right and left. Among other things, he invited the bureau chiefs and their families to meet him and his family in their apartments on Massachusetts Avenue, something that no previous Secretary of Agriculture, and probably none since, ever thought of doing. He was as good as his word about providing publicity for the department. ~~xxNewspapermenxx~~
~~were cordially invited to interview leading scientific specialists~~
~~xxxxxx~~. The Office of Information and the Division of Publications were speeded up, still and motion pictures were taken of different branches of the department, newspaper men were cordially invited to interview leading specialists, ^{and} accounts of their work and achievements with photographs of themselves and their apparatus and other environment were given wide publicity.

His opening statement after he was sworn in to the effect that he would probably serve only one year was prophetic, but during that year he won the hearts of all department officials and subordinates. His career was striking, a romance that could happen in but few countries outside of the United States. Fifteen years before he became Secretary of Agriculture he had started "Successful Farming," with the idea of making its subscription price so low, 25 or 50 cents a year, that a big sub-

scription list of farmers ^awould be secured that would command high advertising rates. Starting with little or no capital he and his wife set the type, ran the hand printing press, and did all the labor connected with getting out a periodical and mailing it; and for awhile he himself would trundle the output in a handcart to the postoffice or express office; and frequently he was hard put to it to obtain enough temporary funds to purchase supplies and pay postage. But his idea was sound and the subscription list grew and grew and the advertising~~ing~~ments increased in ^unumber and rates, and with profits came prosperity. With prosperity came business connections, membership in the United States Chamber of Commerce, chairmanship of important committees, and later membership on its board of directors. I was credibly informed that when he became Secretary of Agriculture his publication office in Des Moines was left under capable management so that he was relieved of all care of it, and his monthly net income from it was more than double the salary he received as a cabinet official. No wonder his success made him generous or that his early struggles and hardships made him sympathetic and democratic with others regardless of their ~~st~~/status or position in the official hierarchy.

In February I was called in conference several times regarding the forecast and price of wheat.

On the 11th I went to Hartford, Connecticut, to address a meeting of the Allied Farmers Organizations of New England on the organization and work of the Bureau of Crop Estimates. The weather had been very cold and the snow lay several feet deep. The scenery in the Connecticut Valley was beautiful. A glittering white mantel of snow lay over the landscape and

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Upon my return the papers announced the dismissal of Secretary of State Lansing, which created much adverse comment because it was generally felt to be wholly undeserved.

In February, also, I had several interviews with State Senator Putnam of Virginia, president of a fruit growers association, who wanted the bureau to undertake to publish estimates of the apple crop by varieties and regions, because both producing sections and varieties are in competition, and if the Virginia apple growers could know in advance what quantities and varieties of apples from every competing region would be on the market they would be able to adjust their selling programs to much better advantage. I also prepared an article for the Secretary's use on "The Importance of Agriculture as an Industry," and another for the department editor on "Last Year's Crops and Prospective Crops This Year." About this time I received visits from the Secretary of the Philippine Department of Agriculture, a representative of the Swedish Department of Agriculture, and another from the Japanese Department of Agriculture, who were interested in studying the system and organization of my bureau.

In March I was interviewed by many representatives of the press and farm organizations regarding the food situation. Before the assembled bureau chiefs Secretary Meredith outlined

every tree and bush was frosted with a crystalline coating of ice. In New York City the streets were piled high with snow that had been cleared away from the sidewalks. The meeting I attended was a large one and my address was well received, so that I left feeling that I had made friends for my branch of the service.

Upon my return the papers announced the dismissal of Secretary of State Lansing, which created much adverse comment because it was generally felt to be wholly undeserved. In February, also, I had several interviews with State Senator Farnam of Virginia, president of a fruit growers association, who wanted the bureau to undertake to publish estimates of the apple crop by varieties and regions, because both producing sections and varieties are in competition, and if the Virginia apple growers could know in advance what quantities and varieties of apples from every competing region would be on the market they would be able to adjust their selling programs to much better advantage. I also prepared an article for the Secretary's use on "The Importance of Agriculture as an Industry," and another for the department editor on "Last Year's Crops and Prospective Crops This Year." About this time I received visits from the Secretary of the Philippine Department of Agriculture, a representative of the Swedish Department of Agriculture, and another from the Japanese Department of Agriculture, who were interested in studying the system and organization of my bureau.

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a plan for establishing an American Agricultural Chamber to be organized along the lines of the United States Chamber of Commerce. I suspect he got the idea from the German Agricultural Chamber. At any rate he was quite enthusiastic, but from the bureau chiefs came little or no response and he did not press the matter, simply asked them to think about it.

In April there was much activity in the various departments regarding the proposed reclassification of salaries and I served on an interdepartmental committee that was appointed to work out details and make recommendations. There was much apprehension over an apparently serious shortage of labor on farms, and this involved much investigation to ascertain the facts, and there was much speculation as to the effect of the shortage on crop production.

On April 11 I left Washington to attend a meeting of the American Cotton Association at Montgomery, Alabama, by special invitation of its president, Mr. Wanamaker, former enemy of the bureau. I was on the program for a talk on crop estimates on the 13th. I think it was at this meeting that I first saw and heard Aaron Sapiro, a brilliant young Italian attorney who had been very successful in organizing the fruit growers of California. I first met him in a cheap restaurant. Our Alabama field agent and I had taken seats at a table to one side and given our order when the place filled up. Two plainly dressed men took seats at our table. The gentleman that sat next to me was quiet in manner, of medium height and size, with a smooth face, olive complexion, dark hair and eyes, plainly dressed, and there was nothing about him to attract attention. ~~But~~ I assumed that he was a subordinate employe in some local business establishment. But when I heard him speak in a clear, incisive manner to his companion, I suddenly awoke to the fact that there was something about him

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suddenly awoke to the fact that there was something about him that was remarkable. However, there was no occasion or opportunity to enter into conversation with him. That afternoon I recognized him sitting on the speaker's platform. When his name was called he electrified the entire audience with his oratory and adroit ~~logic~~ and convincing logic. He was the principal and outstanding speaker at this meeting, and one of the most brilliant I have ever heard.

Upon my return I attended ^a a meeting of bureau chiefs to consider Secretary Meredith's proposal to call a meeting of about forty representative agriculturists and business men to form an American chamber of agriculture, which was to serve as a "voice" and as a "permanent advisory committee."

On the 16th the Secretary and bureau chiefs had dinner at the Cosmos Club to say goobye to Col. Henry Graves, forester, and Mr. Williams, solicitor, who were leaving the service.

On the 27th I prepared an article for the Southern Ruralist.

In May there was a meeting of an association of editors who visited the various bureaux, including Crop Estimates, to listen to explanations by the various chiefs of bureau functions, organization, work, and achievements. The council of bureaux ^{was} chiefs/~~xxx~~ asked to give consideration to the subject of hedging and trading on the grain exchanges after May 31 when the U.S. Grain Corporation would cease to function. Another committee considered the whole subject of mailing lists and multigraph and mimeograph duplicating work. For the Secretary I prepared a statement in the form of a letter setting forth the value and benefits of government crop reports to farmers, which was widely copied in the agricultural press.

The position of Assistant Secretary of Agriculture became vacant and an effort was made to find a suitable man. In this search Dr. H.C. Taylor, chief of the Office of Farm Management after the sudden resignation of Prof. Spillman, was especially active. Several prominent candidates came to Washington on invitation and took luncheon at the Cosmos Club with a small group of bureau chiefs designated by the Secretary, of which I was one, to appraise their availability. Of the candidates we met in this way Dr. E. D. Ball, entomologist, of the Wisconsin College of Agriculture, seemed most promising and received the stamp of approval and recommendation of the advisory committee. He was duly appointed early in June.

On the 17th of June I presided over a meeting of bureau chiefs at the Cosmos Club to consider the question of readjustment of salaries at the beginning of the new fiscal year, proposed retirement legislation, printing, and the formation of an interdepartmental association or club for the technical men in the government service at Washington. The shortage of farm labor, food, and transportation continued to occupy much attention.

Early in June Mr. Livingston and I had a number of ~~intere~~ conferences and interviews with representatives of the National Wheat Growers Association, and shortly thereafter with a delegation of the Texas Cattlemen's Association. Also I met a group of county agent leaders, addressed them, and answered many questions about crop estimating methods and the use that could be made of the crop reports. At a meeting of bureau chiefs the question of exempting farmers from the provisions and penalties of the Sherman anti-trust law was considered.

On June 25th I addressed the Community Club of Hancock, Md., which met at the farm of Mr. Fulton, dividing time with the Congressman from Washington County. Upon my return to the office I prepared an article on "Bankers and Crop Estimates" for publication in a bankers periodical.

On the last day of May I began revising a circular concerning the organization and methods of crop estimating and the value of crop reports, which suggested to me the advisability of preparing a more extensive bulletin which would serve as a handbook of crop estimating and census methods of collecting data relating to agriculture. The preparation of this handbook proved to be a larger undertaking than I had supposed and occupied my spare moments for several months. In it I traced the origin, development and history of the crop reporting service and included a number of purely technical topics on methods and theory, because the published literature on the subject was meager, which I referred to Mr. Nat C. Murray, assistant chief and technician of rare ability, Mr. George K. Holmes, statistician and economist, and Dr. S. A. Jones, chief of our field service.

I was called into consultation with Assistant Secretary Ball and Dr. A. C. True, Director of the States Relations Service, to consider the selection of a successor to Mr. David Lubin, of founder/and permanent delegate from the United States to the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome. Mr. Lubin died in 1919 and the position was still vacant. The position, authorized long before the war, carried a salary of only \$3,500, with no provision for travel or clerical service. ~~It~~ Mr. Lubin served as delegate because of his burning zeal for the institution he had helped to found and because he was a man of wealth; he turned the salary over to the secretary he employed, Madam Agresti. Our

very practical difficulty was in finding any mature man with the requisite qualifications and experience who was not already getting a much larger salary and who would be willing to serve at a financial sacrifice.

A few days later a conference was held on the use of the franking privilege. For many years from time to time the postal authorities had questioned the right of the Department of Agriculture to use franked envelopes for the transmission of printed and mimeographed circulars, and more especially the practice of the Bureau of Crop Estimates of forwarding franked envelopes to its voluntary crop reporters for use in sending in their official monthly reports on crop conditions. Each time the question came up it was necessary to rehash all the arguments that had been used in the past and to think up new arguments, consult the solicitor of the department, and a solicitor of the Department of Justice, draft memoranda and correspondence, and hold one or more conferences with the postal officials. Always the postal authorities reluctantly conceded that the crop reports were official business and entitled to the use of the government frank, but each time a new official of the Post Office Department was appointed, he had to be educated anew at considerable expense to the government. Through several administrations it fell to my lot to act as advocate, liaison officer, and teacher.

About the middle of the month we had representatives of various chambers of commerce visit us and chiefs of bureaux and specialists were given an opportunity to explain their work to them.

In August the departmental committee on wheat production drew up a program for winter wheat sowings. At a meeting of chiefs of bureaux called by the Secretary it was decided to establish departmental clubs in each city for the purpose of

establish departmental clubs in each large city for the purpose of bringing together the employes of different bureaux station- in the field in order that they might better cooperate in pro- moting the interests of the department and personally feel that they belonged to a great organization. The next conference was with officials of the Census Bureau regarding the 1920 census, and ways and means of handling certain problems that had devel- oped in which the cooperation of the Department of Agriculture was desired. *Merger of Crop Estimates and Markets.*

7

On the 16th of August I had a most urgent invitation from Mr. Livingston to take luncheon with him at the Cosmos Club to discuss a matter of the utmost importance. The "important" matter was none other than a proposal that I consider the merg- ing of the Bureau of Crop Estimates of which I was chief with the Office of Markets of which he was chief, with a view to improving the service of both, I to be ~~accorded~~ second in rank in the combined bureau, to have full responsibility for crop estimates and statistics, and to be accorded all the privileges of leadership, prestige, and official courtesies that I then enjoy- ed. From the extreme diffidence and beating about the bush dis- played by Mr. Livingston in making this astounding proposal I suspected that the suggestion did not originate with him but that he had been urged to make it because of our cordial rela- tions and because I had said publicly on various occasions that ~~that~~ in the interest of economy, efficiency, and good service the Bureau of Crop Estimates, ~~and~~ the Office of Markets, and the Office of Farm Management, should be combined because they over- lapped and duplicated ^{some of} each other's work, which involved much unnecessary expense and friction. Naturally I was noncommittal but readily agreed to consider the proposal. In the days that followed I gave this proposal serious thought. I saw quite clearly

established departmental clubs in each large city for the purpose of bringing together the employees of different bureau stations in the field in order that they might better cooperate in promoting the interests of the department and personally feel that they belonged to a great organization. The next conference was with officials of the Census Bureau regarding the 1920 census, and ways and means of handling certain problems that had developed in which the cooperation of the Department of Agriculture was desired. *Margaret G. Estlin and W. H. H. H.*

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followed I gave this proposal serious thought. I saw quite clearly all that was involved. It meant the submergence of the Bureau of Crop Estimates that I more than any one else was instrumental in reorganizing and bringing into prominence as one of the most efficient branches of the federal government into a larger organization two units of which were less well organized. It meant that I would no longer be in supreme command and solely responsible, and that thereafter I would be a subordinate and more or less in the background--because there can only be one chief of bureau who alone can assume the responsibility and take the credit for what is done. I knew beforehand that such a merger would be not only ^a severe strain and sacrifice on my part, but that it would be a disappointment and humiliation to each of my loyal associates, both in the administrative office and the field service.

But by instinct and by training and habit I had come to think of public service in terms of economy and efficiency, and during President Roosevelt's administration I was inspired by the idea of public service and that the selfish interests of individuals should not count in considering benefits to or improvement in the service.

No question about it, the three branches of the one Department of Agriculture--Bureau of Crop Estimates, Office of Markets, and Office of Farm Management--were founded on statistics and overlapped, and there was duplication of work, expense, and much unnecessary friction, rivalry and ill feeling. Consolidation would do away with all that. I and my associates felt and had reason to believe that the Bureau of Crop Estimates was far and away better organized and more efficient than the other two branches and had an esprit du corps unsurpassed in the entire federal govern-

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ment service. So united were we that we were prepared to challenge and meet all comers. My thought was that not only could we do away with unnecessary duplication of function and expense but that we could infuse into the larger bureau that same united and indomitable spirit of service, the finest and best thing that men can work and fight for. Then, too, there were other considerations. The Bureau of Crop Estimates specialized with marked success on the statistical side of Agriculture. The Bureau Office of Markets specialized on marketing of farm products, which depended almost entirely upon crop estimates and statistics as a measure and index of supply and demand, and the Office of Farm Management covered not only the production but the business side of farming. It would be a beautiful synthesis to bring these three units together and make them work in harmony. Therefore I was for the merger, regardless of its effect on my personal fortunes.

~~But the new reason, also, was the fact that~~
~~Another important consideration was the fact that~~
Another important consideration was the fact that the Office of Markets was newly established, the purposes for which it was established were popular, and Congress provided funds for it liberally, sometimes to the point of embarrassment, whereas the Bureau of Crop Estimates always had difficulty in obtaining sufficient funds. It seemed likely that if the two bureaus were merged into one the older would share in the prosperity of the younger.

I then called into consultation my principal assistants and submitted the proposal to them, pointing out the apparent advantages and disadvantages of such a merger, and asking them to think it over for three days. At the end of that time I called them together and found that their reaction had been about the same as mine. I notified Mr. Livingston that we

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were ready to consider his proposal and suggested the appointment of a committee of three members from each bureau to draw up a joint memorandum of agreement. The committee readily agreed upon details. I prepared the memorandum which both Mr. Livingston and I signed and submitted to the Secretary in which we recommended the merger of the two bureaus and that a combined estimate of appropriation be submitted to the next Congress. This he later approved. *Miscellaneous Activities*

7 In August also a meeting of bureau chiefs was held in the Secretary's office to consider the situation of cotton and cotton seed, hides, and wool. Interviews with newspaper correspondents included those of the Kansas City Star and the St. Louis Globe Democrat regarding sugar. I began drafting my own bureau annual report and wrote a section for the Secretary's annual report. On August 27 the bureau chiefs were called together to take appropriate action on the death of former Secretary of Agriculture, James Wilson.

In September I continued consideration of details of the proposed merger of the two bureaux, prepared a draft of a speech for the Secretary to be delivered before the Regional Clubs of New England, attended conferences of Bureau chiefs regarding proposed changes in the Yearbook of the Department, and a proposed handbook of information for the department; considered material submitted by the bureaux relative to the proposed reclassification of salaries; attended statistical seminars.

7 Sept. *General Assembly Meeting*
On/August 28 Assistant Secretary Ball announced that I had been designated to represent the U.S. Department of Agriculture at the General Assembly meeting of the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome in October.

In October I collected and began to study all the information available in the department regarding the International

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Institute of Agriculture, brushed up a little on my knowledge of French, arranged for passport, visas, and transportation; prepared a letter for the signature of the Secretary to the Director of the Census Bureau regarding certain discrepancies in the 1920 census reports; had an interview with Assistant Secretary Ball regarding the Institute, and met Mr. Harvey J. Sconce, a prominent farmer of Illinois and former president of the American Farm Bureau Federation, who also was accredited to the General Assembly meeting as a representative of the co-operative associations of the United States; was appointed a member of a committee to draft a reply to petitions from various farm organizations regarding Canadian wheat imports and alleged collusion between foreign buyers to keep wheat prices down; dictated a memorandum for the Secretary regarding reclassification of salaries; took part in conferences on prevailing prices of agricultural products below cost of production and what to do about it.

In connection with my passport I had difficulty in getting a certificate from the Internal Revenue Bureau to the effect that my income tax had been paid, without which I would not be permitted to leave the United States. I could get no reply from the Internal Revenue Bureau at Baltimore, where the tax was paid. As the time for my departure drew near I called at the headquarters of the Bureau in Washington, stated my case, exhibited carbon copies of the letters I had written to the Baltimore office, and was given the necessary certificate. Two days before I left Washington I received the belated certificate that had been issued by the Baltimore office, it having gone to a small country bank in southern Maryland, and when returned to Baltimore there had been delay in correcting the address.

This was one of many examples of inexcusable inefficiency on the part of the income tax division of the Internal Revenue Bureau that came to my personal attention.

I interviewed a number of bureau chiefs and others as to how I might best promote the interests of the Department and of American Agriculture at the coming meeting of the General Assembly at Rome. These included, Dr. D.C. True, Director of the States Relations Service, Dr. David Fairchild, Chief of the Foreign Seed and Plant Introduction Office, Dr. L.O. Howard, Chief of the Bureau of Entomology, and others with experience at congresses in foreign countries.

Dr. Howard was especially helpful. He had recently returned from an international gathering at Paris and I asked him many questions about travel in Europe, the use of the French language and procedure at foreign gatherings, etiquette, public functions, meals, tips, and the clothes one was expected to wear. I was especially interested in his statement that the war had broken down much of the ironclad etiquette of public officials and that now one could dress as he pleased and that full dress suits were no longer required. Dr. Howard ~~was very congenial~~ and I were very congenial, notwithstanding the difference in our ages and experience and the fact that he was a celebrated scientific technologist while I was simply a nontechnical, common sense, practical administrator. For one thing, we were both inveterate smokers, both had a sense of humor, and both were outspoken in expressing opinions. So when I came to him for advice, he gave it freely. I shall never forget his witty answers to some of my questions nor the way his eyes twinkled at some of my frank comments.

me look steadily and inquiringly at
Observing a large glass jar with a tight lid on the window sill, he nodded, chuckled, and said, "Carbon dioxide" (the

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dow sill, he nodded, chuckled, and said, "Carbon ^{disulphid} ~~dioxid~~," (the gas with the concentrated all-pervading smell of rotten eggs); "you see ~~I~~ sometimes when I am very busy and have a visitor who overstays his time, shows no indication of leaving, or does not know how to bow himself out, I edge over to the window and casually raise the lid. The effect is instantaneous. The visitor suddenly discovers that he has urgent business elsewhere, ^{anywhere,} something like a call of nature, and the visitor departs, not always with dignity, but I am relieved. It never fails to work."

As I remember them his parting words of advice were: "Estabrook, don't worry; just remember that you represent the greatest scientific research institution in the world, the U.S. Department of Agriculture; that you also represent the greatest agricultural country in the world, the United States of America; that any citizen of the United States is just as good and quite the equal of any citizen of any other country, if he is as good, regardless of title or position: that you do not have to apologize for being an American; that in traveling among foreigners it is just as much their business to understand your English or imperfect French as it is for you to understand their French or their imperfect English, the obligation is equal with the odds in favor of English as the most widely used business language in the world; and that you can dress and act as you please so long as you are an American gentleman." This piece of advice as an expression of his experience and wisdom was of great value to me for many years to come.

I liked him and admired him greatly. It is needless to recapitulate his career, because that is a matter of public and

literary record, one astounding fact not generally known I will record here. Notwithstanding his long record of distinguished service in the Department of Agriculture, his international reputation, the honors bestowed upon him by foreign and international scientific societies, and the fact that upon his retirement from the public service he was honored by the award of a special medal and a liberal sum of money in recognition of his outstanding service to humanity, Congress persistently, year after year and for many years, refused to grant him recognition in the form of promotion in salary, and when he appeared with his annual budget before the Committee on Agriculture or the Committee on Appropriations he was treated with scant courtesy and often harried by his intellectual inferiors. Those men have long ago passed into forgotten oblivion, while Dr. Howard has since been honored and his name will go down in history as one of the first to effectively interest his fellow beings in the great ~~insect~~ menace of insect life to mankind.

On October 18 I had a visitation of bankers to the bureau and addressed them on the crop reporting service and its relation to banking.

The ~~next~~ day I called the entire personnel of the Bureau in Washington together and talked to them about my forthcoming visit to Europe, the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, its interesting history and functions, the relation of our bureau to the Institute, and the honor and recognition that came to the bureau in the selection of their chief to represent the Department of Agriculture at the next meeting of the General Assembly, the law making body of the Institute, and to forecast to them a bright future as a part of the greater combined Bureau of

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Markets and Crop Estimates. That same day I bid farewell to my colleagues and associates in the bureau and in the Department.

The following day, September 19, I went to New York. The ~~following~~^{next} day I presented my passport at the Custom House where I was kept waiting unnecessarily and was impressed by the cool indifference of the employes, who seemed to have been born of aristocratic parents, or the reverse, tired before they were born, and incapable of supporting the daily routine of existence, to whom ordinary mortals were simply annoying insects, to be suffered but not to be served. "Holy Moses," I said to myself, "if only I could be in charge of this office for one day I would galvanize these corpses into electrical action and give them while in that condition a liberal education that would make them and others happier for the rest of their lives.." But what could I or any other busy American citizen do but submit to discourteous treatment and unnecessary delay while these indolent, indifferent, insulting subordinates smoked cigarettes and talked among themselves about the show they saw the night before and the ^sdame/they had met and made dates with, while a growing circle of impatient citizens and taxpayers sat about awaiting their condescension. How I longed to kick them into action, but No, I must sit impatiently for nearly an hour before one of them would rubber stamp my passport before I could leave my native country,--and my steamer was to sail at noon, and there were many things I wanted to do. I entered that office at 9 a.m. sharp. I left it at 10.30 a.m., and hour and a half for the impression of a rubber stamp and initials of a putty faced clerk who took less than thirty seconds to do his job when he finally condescended to notice me. Did I tell him what I thought of him and the service? No, I was in too much of a hurry to depart.

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and the service? No, by that time I was in too much of a hurry to depart. Did I report the discourtesy and delay to headquarters in Washington? No, I was too much occupied in reaching the steamer to write before it sailed, I knew that a letter written during the voyage could not be mailed and postponed writing it until I reached Europe, and after reaching Europe I had something else to think about; and when I returned the incident had faded into a background of other experiences, and again I was busy with more important things. So it is we busy Americans permit and submit to inexcusably inefficiency and impertinence on the part of public employes which could easily and promptly be corrected if we felt we could afford to take the time to go about it in the right way.

After losing nearly two hours ~~hereafter~~ waiting for action by these official incompetents, I rushed about getting information from travel agencies, buying some French and Italian money, returning to the hotel for my baggage, transferring across the city to the steamer, the Adriatic of the White Star Line, and getting established in my cabin preparatory to my first ocean voyage.

Promptly at noon the gang plank was withdrawn, the valiant little tugs pushed and pulled the great liner out into the stream, the crowds on the pier and those on the decks shouted and waved handkerchiefs at each other, tears welled up and rolled down cheeks, hearts throbbed as did the engines in the interior of the ship, the propellers began to revolve, and slowly the ship got under way.

The dinner gong rang and the passengers flocked to the dining room and were assigned to tables. I sat at a ^{long} table with twenty or thirty other ladies and gentlemen. There was a great

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variety and abundance of well cooked food, but the passengers were strangers to each other and the surroundings were unfamiliar so that nearly every one was silent and a little stiff.

After dinner I went on deck. Although the steamer seemed to make slow progress we were passing through the narrows between Staten Island and Long Island, the city proper was out of sight, and the ocean opened up in front of us. I thought of the times I had dreamed I might sometime see and sail over the great oceans of the world. I had seen the Atlantic at Coney Island, Bound Brook, Long Branch, and Atlantic City; the Pacific from San Francisco and points south; and the Gulf of Mexico at Corpus Christi; and I had tried to imagine what lay on the other side. Now I was to cross the Atlantic and visit Europe, the land of my forefathers and of all other American citizens of European descent. What a wonderful experience for a man who had once been a farmer boy in Texas ^{and} ~~who~~ had watched the ripples on small ponds and tried to imagine what the waves of the ocean looked like.

Returning to my cabin I was surprised and delighted to find a box of red roses with a card "From Mommie, Otis, and Thelma." This brought tears to my eyes as I thought of them at our Washington home trying to picture me on a great steamship about to cross the ocean. How I wished they might be with me and share the experience, but that could not be because of the expense, and the children must go to school.

As the days passed I became accustomed to the routine of passenger life on an ocean liner. The sky was overcast, the weather abominable, and we had a rough passage the entire distance. Fortunately and rather unexpectedly I found that gales,

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rough seas, and a rolling, tossing ship, caused me no inconvenience ^{other} than the annoyance of listening to shrieking winds and looking at leaden skies and sloshing water. I did not mind the motion of the ship which to me was rather exhilarating, and I enjoyed the abundance and variety of exquisitely cooked food and the excellent and solicitous service.

The dining room was filled to capacity the first day, but the attendance rapidly grew less with rough weather. At a small table apart was a small group of Japanese. I was amazed at the quantity of food they ate the first two days--something of everything on the menu. Then their table was deserted until they re-appeared at the last meal before ~~docking~~ ^{anchoring} at Cherbourg. At this last meal they were supernaturally wan, woe-begone, and solemn and silent, and ate sparingly of the good things set before them.

Most of my time each day was spent on the upper deck, in spite of the weather, reading aloud to myself reports in French of the International Institute of Agriculture. In my cabin at night I read a succession of French novels from the ship's library. Because of this practice I made but few acquaintances on board. ~~Most~~ [¶] Most of the passengers were British, which meant that at the supper table ~~most of~~ the gentlemen appeared in formal dress. I had a dress suit with me, but with the instinctive aversion of a true American to full dress I continued through the first week to wear my business every-day suit, thereby making myself uncomfortably conspicuous at my table. However, when Sunday came and I was tired of reading, the weather outside was disagreeable, and the lounge and smoking rooms were deserted, it occurred to me that in honor of the day I would get out my dress suit and wear it at the supper table--something to do and a change. I did so. Imagine my surprise to find that I was the only man in the dining room in full dress. My table companions evidently

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the dining room in full dress. My table companions evidently understood the situation because they smiled indulgently and thereafter were much more friendly than they had been, especially the lady who sat next to me and who thawed out completely.

On this first voyage I never tired of watching the sea, the steady rise and fall of the ^{mighty} ~~great~~ ship as she plowed her way through the great waves, the white spray that flew alongside, the swirling wake behind, the changing colors in the water when the sun shone, the flashing rays of light reflected ^{by the water} ~~from the sun~~ by day and the moon by night; and then during the gales that swept across the waters for days at a time, how the great waves grew higher and higher and slid hissing by the ship, how occasionally a ^{larger} ~~great~~ wave would break over the prow and tons of rusing water and spray would dash completely over the ship; how ^{the mighty} ~~that~~ great swells of the ocean would rise and fall in great hills and hollows; and then as the gale increased in strength and violence, how the tops of the ~~hills~~ watery hillocks were planed off and scattered in white streaks like flying snow and the surface of the ocean would be flattened out by the force of the winds; how the propeller would race and shake the ship when the stern rose high above the surface; and what a tossing heaving scene was presented after the storm subsided so that ~~w~~ one could see the jagged, pinnacled, mountainous waves silouetted against the horizon like a range of distant mountains. Always, whether in calm or storm, the speed of the ship gave me the impression that a mighty river was flowing by, like the Niagara River above the falls, only this ocean river reached from horizon to horizon.

Only three ships were sighted on this voyage and the only other signs of life ~~werex~~ in sea or air were the gulls, a few porpuses, and some dolphins.

the dining room in full dress. My table companions evidently

understood the situation because they smiled indulgently and
thereafter were much more friendly than they had been, especial-
ly the lady who sat next to me and who thawed out completely.

On this first voyage I never tired of watching the sea,
the steady rise and fall of the ^{white} ship as she plowed her way
through the great waves, the white spray that flew alongside,
the swirling wake behind, the changing colors in the water when
the sun shone, the flashing rays of light reflected from the sun
by day and the moon by night; and then during the gales that

swept across the waters for days at a time, how the great waves
grew higher and higher and alid hissing by the ship, how occasion-
ally a ^{large} wave would break over the prow and tons of rushing
water and spray would dash completely over the ship; how ^{that} ~~the~~
great walls of the ocean would rise and fall in great hills and
hollows; and then as the gale increased in strength and violence,
how the tops of the ~~hills~~ ^{hills} were planed off
and scattered in white streaks like flying snow and the surface
of the ocean would be flattened out by the force of the winds; how
the propeller would race and shake the ship when the stern rose
high above the surface; and what a passing heaving scene was
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Only three ships were sighted on this voyage and the only
other signs of life ~~wherever~~ in sea or air were the gulls, a
few porpoises, and some dolphins.

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As we approached the end of the voyage I began to get nervous over my command of French. For nearly a quarter of a century I had not heard a word of French spoken and for the last ten years or more I had been too busy to read a French book. Since the beginning of the voyage I had read French constantly, part of the time aloud, but still I was justly apprehensive. One afternoon I practiced on travel phrases, but nowhere could I find any phrase for asking that my hand baggage be checked at a railway station. At the supper table that evening I put the question to my table companions, most of whom had traveled in France and other European countries and claimed to be able to speak and understand the French language, but not one of them could tell me how to ask to have my hand baggage checked at a railway station.

The last evening of the voyage we sighted the lights on the coast of England, which gave me quite a thrill. There was much animation among the passengers in the lounge that evening and many sentimental and patriotic songs were sung. An elderly professional entertainer with a bald head sat down to a small melodeon which evidently was part of his equipment, and sang to his own accompaniment a number of old ballads and nursery rhymes, which every one enjoyed. I have since heard some of these on the little phonograph records that come with the "Bubble Books."

Early Thursday morning, October 29, the ship entered the harbor of Cherbourg and I had my first sight of France. Along the shore could be seen warehouses and shops with French signs. Beyond the flat area near the water front one could see stone residences on the slope of the hill that rose to a considerable height above the beach.

It was a busy time for those passengers who were to disembark at Cherbourg. Their baggage must all be packed and ready

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embark at Cherbourg. Their baggage must all be packed and ready the night before to be put on the lighter the next morning to be taken to the customhouse near the wharf. Custom required that liberal tips must be handed to the cabin steward, the dining room steward, the lounge steward, the deck steward, the bar steward, the bath steward, and to all others who had rendered any service, even though they were supposed to be paid regular wages by the steamship company. The worst feature of this tipping system was that no one, not even the officers on board ship or travel agencies on land, seemed to know how much those tips should be.

~~After~~ The ship came to anchor. After breakfast came medical inspection, which in this instance simply meant that all the passengers marched slowly before a medical officer. Next the passengers were herded into the lounge and presented their passports for examination, checking against the ship's papers, and a rubber stamp visee. After these formalities, always a period of suspense, the passengers were free to go ashore. But even going ashore is not simple to an American on his first visit to a foreign ^{country} ~~shore~~ on a ship anchored in the middle of the harbor. A scow or lighter for transporting passengers and their baggage to the customhouse pulled alongside. I arranged with the cabin steward to get my baggage onto the lighter. I followed him and was turned over to the tender mercies of a villainous looking porter who said he could speak English. However, I could understand neither his English nor his French. He might just as well have talked Chinese or Choctaw. However, smiles and the sign language got me through, and I got some fun out of it as an adventure. On the wharf I followed the porter who carried my baggage into a large room in which were low benches on which the baggage was deposited. He made me understand that I was to open it, which I did.

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Then came another waiting period of suspense as the customs officials worked slowly up and down the long line of baggage and waiting passengers. At last my baggage was reached, examined, and some chalk marks and little pasters put on each piece.

(See whether trouble over cigars came
this trip or in 1925)

P Then my porter made me understand that I should buy a railway ticket to Paris, which was comparatively simple because the ticket agent seemed to understand my abortive French, or at least surmised what I wanted. Following the porter I was shown to a seat in a compartment of a waiting train, a train quite different from any I had ever seen. The coaches were small and divided into small compartments by partitions on one side with a narrow corridor or passageway on the other. Each compartment had two seats facing each other with a door and a window between, each seat accommodating three or four persons. The coaches were much smaller and plainer than American coaches. The freight cars were diminutive, each with four iron wheels like a wagon, and outside each bore the legend, "Eight tons, eight horses, forty men," indicating its normal capacity.

When it came to the question of settling with the porter for his services, I could make nothing of what he was saying. I settled the question to my own satisfaction, if not to his, by giving him the equivalent of 25 cents for each of my three pieces of hand baggage, or the equivalent of 75 cents of our money in French francs. I suspected from the expression of his face that I had overpaid him, although he continued to talk in a threatening manner.

The train got under way about 11.30 a.m. and shortly thereafter a dining ~~room~~ car steward stood at the entrance to our compartment and announced that dinner was served and asked if

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we would take "first" or "second", ^{issuing} ~~showing~~ to each a slip of pink paper with a number on it. Hearing one of my fellow passengers say "Premier," I did likewise and received a ticket for the first serving. I followed the other "premier" passenger into the little dining coach and enjoyed a rather good dinner with a half bottle of wine.

The afternoon ride to Paris was enjoyable. I had secured a seat next to the window and was much interested in the appearance of the little farms and villages, the trim landscape, the good roads, the streams and canals, the French signs I saw in the towns through which we passed, and the appearance of the people I saw on the streets.

Entering Paris at 8 sundown I realized that we were in a large city, and I confess I was just a little apprehensive. When the train pulled into the Gare du Nord a swarm of porters came alongside. Seeing other passengers pass their hand baggage through the window I did the same and then hastened to rejoin the baggage outside, for Dr. Howard and others had said one should never lose sight of his baggage in Europe. By this time my ears had begun to be accustomed to the sound of the language as spoken by the French themselves and to recognize some of the words, so when the porter asked me "What hotel," I gave him the name of a hotel I had obtained from the ship's purser and to which I had telegraphed for a reservation. The porter took me to a dilapidated looking carriage with an old horse and a shabby driver. This time the porter named the sum I should pay him, which I understood and paid because it seemed a moderate charge ~~from~~ to me, but was probably two or three times as much as I should have paid.

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The hotel was a mile or more from the railway station and I was much interested in the appearance of the buildings and the people on the street. They looked just like other people and it seemed strange that they did not speak English. The hotel turned out to be a modest looking building on a quiet street. A porter in uniform came out and took charge of my baggage. This time I did not overpay the driver because when he named the amount and I looked inquiringly at the hotel porter, there was a brief altercation between them and the porter named just half the amount the driver had asked. Inside I found a small office with a clerk in charge who spoke English. He said that my telegram asking for a reservation had not been received and that all rooms were full. I asked if he could not telephone to another hotel and engage a room for me. He did so and the porter took me and my baggage to a small place nearby. Of course, I paid him liberally for this service. I was shown to a small room on the third floor of a small building. It was without elevator and had no running water, but it was fairly clean. It had a small dining room where I obtained a very plain supper. There were ten or twelve other guests, apparently regular boarders, and a dilapidated looking waitress. All the conversation, which was quite lively, was in French--a decided advantage to me because I began to recognize words and phrases. The waitress was especially helpful because she listened attentively and patiently when I tried to speak a few phrases in French and with a smile she spoke slowly and distinctly so that I understood what she said quite well.

Encouraged by this success I took a ^{long} ~~short~~ walk after supper and did a little exploring. I walked two blocks to what appeared

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to be a principal street. Turning to the right a short walk brought me to an open square on the other side of which was a large railway station on which I read the sign "Gare de Montparnasse."

Then I walked in the opposite direction for a considerable distance until I came to the River Seine. I crossed on a beautiful bridge, went through a park that extended in both directions, and ~~walk~~ walked along a broad street until I came to L'Eglise de la Madeleine, and continued on the same street until I came to the Place de l'Opera. I ~~was~~ ^{was} interested in the street lights and the brilliantly lighted restaurants on either side. I sat for awhile in front of one of them. Restaurant de la Paix, and had a glass of beer, and watched the procession of people on the sidewalk and the cabs in the street.

On the return trip I found my way easily enough across the river, but on the other side could not recognize the street by which I came. There seemed to be several that led off in the direction I felt I should go. It was late and the streets on that side of the river were deserted. I proceeded in the general direction of the hotel, but nothing looked familiar. ~~again~~ When I thought I had gone far enough I looked about again for some human being of whom I could inquire the way, but could see no one. I continued to walk ahead slowly, keeping a sharp lookout for some landmark. Just then I saw a gentleman come out of a house and turn jauntily into the street. He was rather small, pale, with a little waxed moustache, wearing a full dress suit, and twirling a slender cane. He represented my preconceived idea of a young French gentleman. As he approached I doffed my hat politely and in my best French asked if he would be so good ~~as to direct a stranger to the Rue du Rennes.~~ He smiled and

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as to direct a stranger to the Rue du Rennes. He smiled and answered in good New York English, "Sure, just keep straight ahead one block, and turn to the right." When I said "Thanks," we both grinned.

The next morning breakfast was a disappointment. It consisted of a hard roll with butter, a teaspoonfull of marmalade, and a cup of coffee. When I asked the waitress if that was all she replied, "Oui, monsieur, c'est toute." "All right," I said to myself, "this is the continental breakfast I have heard about; no use asking ^{ing} for oatmeal and cream, ham and eggs, pancakes and syrup, or buttered toast; I may as well get used to it."

I hired a cab and was driven to Thos. Cook & Sons, where I bought some more French and Italian money, and a railway ticket to Rome, via Marseille, for that evening. They said traffic was heavy and sleeper accommodations were reserved a week or more in advance, but there was the bare possibility that one of the reservations might be cancelled during the day, in which event it would be reserved for me. I was advised to take my baggage to the railway station about five o'clock, check it through, and see their representative, whom I could recognize by his cap, who would tell me what to do.

For some hours I walked the streets until I came to the Place de Triumph and the Louvre, in which I spent the rest of the forenoon. I had a nice luncheon at the Restaurant de la Paix and then walked across the Seine to the Jardin Botanique, which I inspected, after which I did some shopping.

At 4 p.m. I returned to my hotel, settled the bill, and took a cab with my baggage to the railway station. After checking the baggage as per instructions of Thos. Cook & Son I looked up their representative, who informed me there had been no cancellation of sleeper reservations and that I would probably have

cellation of sleeper reservations and that I would probably have to sit up all night. I told him that I had to be in Rome at a certain time and must leave on that evening train, and asked what I should do. He replied that all trains to the south were badly overcrowded, seats were not reserved, and the best way to get a seat was to take my baggage immediately and camp out with it on the railway platform until the train backed in, which would be thirty minutes before departure, and then make a rush for a seat. "But," I said, "the train is not due to leave for two hours yet; do you mean that I should spend an hour and a half on the platform waiting for the train to back in, and another half hour in the coach when I get a seat, and go without supper.?" "Yes," he answered, "that is what other people are doing." So within ten minutes after depositing my hand baggage in the parcel room I withdrew it and preceded by a porter was conducted through a gate to the railway platform. I immediately saw that Cook's man was right, for two or three hundred other passengers were ahead of me, waiting for the train south, and others kept coming. I ~~was~~ I had been warned so many times never to lose sight of my baggage that I was afraid to leave it in charge of a porter while I sought something to eat. Besides, I assumed that the train would have a dining car. For an hour and a half I stood or sat on the platform and studied the passengers. By their dress and actions they appeared to be mostly of the laboring class or small farmers of the peasant type. At last the train backed slowly into the station and came to a stop in front of the platform. The waiting passengers rushed to the entrances at the ends of the coaches and were soon trying to climb over each other, a mass of struggling, fighting humanity, trying to get to the end doors which were not unlocked for some minutes. Obviously

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I could gain nothing by taking part in the melee ^{en}cumbered with two suitcases and a brief case. The best I could do was to edge in a little on the outer fringe and drift in with the crowd. When the doors were unlocked the crowd surged into the narrow corridor which was just wide enough to permit the passage of only one person of moderate size at a time. Of course, those who entered first got seats in the compartments. Others entered, thinking they could squeeze into a seat, only to find that they had to stand up between the seats and could not get out because the corridor immediately filled up from both ends and every one in it was a prisoner and had to stand. I got caught about a third of the way down the corridor and could neither advance nor retreat. "Well," I said to myself, "anyway this coach will take me to Marseille and I am no worse off than most of the others." I had hung on to my cases with difficulty, but now arranged them on the floor, one above the other, and sat on them. I hoped that extra coaches would be attached to relieve the pressure, but this was not done. Through a clear space in the window opposite I could see a considerable crowd still outside that had been unable to find even standing room on the train. At last the end doors were locked and the train rumbled slowly out of the station. In the corridor from end to end I could see a row of passengers standing shoulder unable to move. In the one compartment into which I could see each of the two seats was occupied by five passengers packed in like sardines, and between the two rows of seated passengers were as many more standing and swaying with the motion of the train. It was hard to decide which were the most uncomfortable, those standing or those sitting. Gradually the passengers began to talk. Many of them opened packages and ~~brought out loaves of bread and bottles of wine, but no one near~~

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brought out loaves of bread and bottles of wine, but no one near me was kind enough to offer to share his provisions. It was dark outside and the lights inside were very dim. With darkness the temperature began to fall and it soon became cold, but by an acrobatic feat I managed to get at my overcoat and gloves and was fairly comfortable. About 11 p.m. the passengers began to get tired. Many of them had been standing for more than four hours. They began to sit on the floor between each other's legs and, resting on each other, began to fall asleep. At the end of the corridor I saw a couple that seemed to be enjoying themselves. The man was burley of form and red of face and sat on the floor with his back to the wall. A plump, buxom, rosy cheeked woman, much younger than he, sat on the floor between his legs and rested her fair head on his breast. They chatted amiably half the night until she fell asleep in his arms.

As the night progressed it became colder and I could see a thick film of ice form on the windows. Sitting on my cases in a cramped position I alternately dozed and watched the actions of my recumbent fellow passengers, many of whom were restless and obviously uncomfortable. During that long night I could ^{see} nothing in the darkness outside through the ice coated window.

And this was traveling in France, La belle France, the land of sunshine and polite manners, the vanguard of European civilization, and this the 20th century. Frankly, my impression of France so far was most unfavorable.

What a relief it was when the first gray streak of dawn filtered through the ice covered windows and my fellow passengers began to sit up and take notice. Finally the sun actually became visible and the ice began to melt. We were in southern France and from time to time I caught glimpses of the River Rhone,

of strange looking villages, of well paved country roads bordered with poplars that had been pruned to a ~~topnot~~ topknot, and farther to the south there were vineyards, the vines being pruned short and stubby.

Our train was due at Marseilles about 9 a.m., but we were an hour or more late. However, the train for Mentone was waiting for us when we arrived. As soon as I escaped from my prison on one train I hurried to the other and placed my baggage on a seat in a compartment in which no other passengers had yet arrived. Then I dashed out to a nearby lunch stand, grabbed a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine, held out a handful of change and let the old woman in charge take out what her conscience would let her, and hastened back. Neither bread nor wine ever tasted better than that breakfast.

What a joy that ride was. I had a comfortable seat next to the window. All day long the sun shone brightly. It was comfortably warm. The dazzlingly blue Mediterranean lay to my right, the deepest blue I had ever seen. On the left were foothills covered with ~~villages~~ villas and castles, and beyond were snow-capped mountains. Surely, this must be the France the tourists rave about and, well, such raving is justified. We passed a succession of villages and towns, neat in appearance and bright in color. All nature seemed to be smiling.

There was no diner on the train, but at a small station where it stopped for a few minutes at noon I ran out and captured two French rolls and a bottle of wine which tasted good.

Up to this point I had the apartment to myself, but here three other passengers entered, a gentleman of middle age and two ladies. They bowed to me and I bowed in return and then

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politely looked out of the window while they settled themselves. The gentleman sat next to me and the two ladies opposite, and I observed that they were no longer young but exceptionally well dressed. One of the ladies said to the other, "He is an American and probably does not understand French." The man said, "I will see," and turning to me he asked politely if I understood French. I said hesitatingly in my best French that I understood it very little and with great difficulty and that I had been in France only two days. He very courteously said I spoke French very well, but I saw them nod to each other and then proceed to converse freely and without any embarrassment because of my presence. I bowed to them and proceeded to study the passing land- and sea-scape. *P* Thereupon they entered upon a very animated conversation which lasted most of the afternoon and which I understood perfectly because of their clear enunciation and literary language. That conversation alone was worth the price of the trip. It related to the sexual relations of married and unmarried people, a subject which they discussed with the utmost freedom and from every point of view, which they illustrated from time to time with certain very interesting personal experiences and observations which had come to them through life and travel to the principal cities of Europe. Naturally I was keenly interested and listened ~~xx~~ with the ~~xxx~~ closest attention to the incessant flow of beautiful French as spoken by educated people, although I tried to disguise my interest by keeping my eyes fixed on the landscape and the vivid blue of the sea. During that delightful afternoon I learned much French and also listened to a rather clear exposition of the European attitude toward the relations of the sexes. My companions were agreed that all restrictions either legal or conventional were futile and that the only restriction ~~that was at all effective is apprehension of the situ-~~

striction that was at all effective is apprehension of the situation that results from the birth of children, because all parents instinctively love their offspring. I was especially interested in their comments on the puritanical ideas of the English and Americans, which they characterized as hypocritical, absurd, and impossible, which accounted for many of the ridiculous idiosyncracies of those cold blooded peoples.

It was after dark when we arrived at Mentone. I dismounted with my three pieces of hand baggage. In the dim light of a single street lamp I saw that only three or four other passengers were leaving the train. The little station stood by itself, but a few hundred yards distant I could see the lighted windows of some houses. I started toward them and met a porter wearing a cap with the words "Bristol Hotel" on it. He took charge of the baggage and took me to the hotel, which was a small, neatly kept English hotel on the beach of the Mediterranean. I was given a comfortable room facing the sea and after a bath, change of clothing, and a good supper in a cheerful little dining room, felt that life was really worth living. I retired early and awoke the next morning at 9 o'clock to see the sunlight streaming into my window and hear the waves splashing on the beach.

After breakfast I walked out into the sunlight, gazed at the ~~xxx~~ ineffable blue of the sea, and strolled through the streets and parks of Mentone with their waving palms and brilliant Bougainvillea blossoms. As my supply of matches was about exhausted I entered a small shop and learned with surprise that Mentone had sold all its matches and none could be sold or purchased until a new consignment was received. However, the obliging proprietor had cigar lighters, neat little contrivances

that when a button was pressed the lid flew up and exposed a flame. It worked very well for about ~~ay~~ week and then refused to function.

In ample time I was at the railway station and obtained my favorite seat next to the window. Soon after leaving Mentone French officials came through the train and took up our passports which they said would be returned to us after our baggage was inspected. Just before reaching the boundary we were invited to disembark and our baggage was taken into a customhouse and placed on benches. We filed through a temporary shed of pine planks and our passports were returned to us. Then we identified our baggage. Several inspectors were busily engaged in examining the contents of the bags.

Finally a dapper young man in uniform reached my three cases. He asked if I had any gold, and I said "Non, monsieur." "Any cigars?" "Non, monsieur," I replied. Meanwhile he was pawing over the contents of my largest suitcase. Suddenly he espied a small cigar box, which he brought forth and held up with a look of triumph on his face. His manner attracted the attention of waiting passengers who smiled, and the other inspectors nodded as much as to say "Another American caught redhanded." Now it happened that ~~th~~ on leaving the pier at New York a friend handed me a box containing fifty small Havanna cigars. I smoked them on the voyage, but the box was a pretty one and instead of throwing it away I put my supply of soap in it and ~~chucked~~^{put} it into the suitcase. I seemed to recall that the French word for soap was "savon," so I protested, "Non, non, monsieur," ~~xxxxxxx~~ not cigars but "savon, savon seulement," to which he paid no attention. He was enjoying himself, and with a flourish he pried the lid open and exposed to view three cakes of toilet soap. When

he saw that the box really contained only soap he face fell so ludicrously that some of the passengers laughed outright and two of his fellow inspectors grinned. This so enraged the young inspector that he sternly bid me follow him. He led me into a small room little bigger than a closet and proceeded to search me. He made me empty all my pockets, felt of my clothing, examined the contents of my purse, and leafed through my notebook and such other papers as I had with me. He was especially suspicious of my diary, which was in shorthand. I was rested, well fed, feeling fine and out for adventure, and had an impish desire to tease my tormentor. I invited him to search me again because, being an American, I was very dangerous, especially since we had learned that the French had forgotten that we had saved La Belle France and the precious lives and liberties of her people, and that if he would continue his search long enough he would undoubtedly find that I was loaded with dynamite--especially diplomatic dynamite that might explode at any minute. Then I called his attention to the statement in my passport that I was a high official of the United States government, that under that poassporte/ I was privileged, that I was accredited to the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, of which France was an adhering and contributing member, and that I begged him to tell me what he proposed to do after I reported his personal attentions to my government and to the Institute, and they in turn called upon the French government for redress and apology, and the French government called upon his official superiors for an explanation. Again I begged him for an explan~~tion~~ and asked him to please search me again, because I was enjoying the expe-

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rience and it would make such a good story for my newspaper friends in America and France, and the story would be published in both countries under the title, "Strange Case of a Very Young Customs Inspector with a Wooden Head." Then opening my shorthand diary I said with all the appearance of glee I could assume, "See, monsieur, mon ami, this night I shall write the interesting story of the Head of Wood. What a pity you cannot read it before it is ^yrinted in the Paris papers by my dear friend Mr. John Smith of the Press Univers^l. What a pity that you cannot read shorthand, stenographie, calligraphie, which every educated person is supposed to be able to read. What a pity you cannot read English, because all educated people in the whole world learn to read English, the language universal. Why, any ten year old child in America could read my passport~~/~~ and see that it is official, very official, and wholly diplomatic, very diplomatic, but you could not read it. What a pity. No doubt it is because you are so very young, so very inexperienced, so ignorant and uneducated, and was born with a wonderful wooden head. Please monsieur, will you do me the kindness to search me again." Just how much of my atrocious French registered on his mind I could not say, but he was clearly very unhappy and quite limp. As he was silent I reminded him that he was needed in the other room and I would excuse him, and with a bow and a smile I turned my back on him and walked out. I went at once to my open suitcases ~~and~~ closed and locked them. But they still need^{ed} the chalk marks of the inspector. Looking about I saw that my young acquaintance was busily engaged in examining the baggage of another passenger on the far side of the room. I walked around and

tapped him lightly on the shoulder and reminded him in a low voice that he had forgotten something. He simply scowled and started to examine the next package. Then I spoke sharply and loud enough to be heard over the room, "~~Monsieur~~ Monsieur, mon ami, you have forgotten something, come with me, instantly and without delay, Vien, vien avec moi, instamment, sans aucune delai," and turning my back upon him I returned to my baggage, to which I pointed disdainfully when he came. He affixed the necessary chalk marks in a most surley and dejected manner, after which I said perfunctorily "Merci, monsieur." As I did so one of the older inspectors near me gave me a look of appreciative intelligence, and I responded with "Oui, monsieur, il a une tete de bois," and he smiled appreciatively, and I have no doubt that young man never heard the last of the "tete de bois," and was ever after called by his associates "Wooden head;" at least I like to think so.

Outside the customs office I exchanged my French money for Italian money and boarded the train for Italy.

Within a few minutes the train crossed the boundary and soon stopped at Ventimilia. Here again we had to disembark and go through the formality of inspection of passports and baggage. Here I met with an entirely different reception. I was feeling quite elated over my adventure with the French customs officer and I entered the Italian customhouse smiling and smoking a cigar, ready for what might befall. An Italian official standing near the entrance smiled broadly and called out merrily, "Holla, Americano," and turning he called out something in Italian which caused the inspectors to look up and greet me with a smile. The first official accompanied me to my baggage and said, "All right, Mister, we are glad to see Americans," to which I responded, "Good, good, thank you, we are all friends." The inspection was

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a mere glance and the inspector affixed some stickers with a genial smile, and again I was free.

On entering my compartment on the train I found an elderly English lady comfortably installed with an array of packages on the seat beside her. I bowed and took the opposite seat. After the train started I glanced at her and she spoke. "You are an American, are you not," she asked. When I acknowledged the accusation she said, "That's quite all right, I like Americans." I confess it was a real relief to face some one who spoke English, with all the common background that implies. We had a pleasant afternoon together as the train sped along the picturesque shores of the Mediterranean with snow capped mountains on the other side. *HP* The lady opposite was elderly, tall, stiff, angular, with a Scotch and uncommunicative aspect, but after a bit we began to exchange remarks about the landscape, with which she seemed to be quite familiar. When I said this was my first visit to Europe and that I had been sent over by my government to attend a convention at Rome, she displayed a lively interest, unbent, and talked freely. I learned that she was the widow of a British-Roman officer and had lived in Genoa for many years because she liked the climate and the people and living was so much cheaper and more satisfying than in England. I related some of my experiences since leaving Paris, at which she laughed heartily. She had lived a long and varied life, some years in India with her husband, a trip to Australia and to South Africa, with occasional visits to England, which she said had lost much of its attraction because of its abominable climate. She was interested in America, which she had never seen, and asked many questions. As evening approached I asked if she knew whether there was a dining car in the train. She said no,

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because on this line everyone brought his food with him. Then she opened her bag and brought out an assortment of fruit, bread, cheese, hard boiled eggs, some cake, and a bottle of wine, which she insisted on sharing with me. In view of the abundance of her supplies I did so cheerfully and expressed appreciation not only of her kindness but of the quality of the provisions. A little later the train stopped at a small station near Genoa where she got off. I assisted her with the baggage, and on parting she said, "Young man, you have had a wonderful experience, but in the weeks and years to come your experience will be more wonderful still; I wish I might be with you." With that we shook hands and for a moment I thought she was about to throw her arms about my neck and kiss me, but instead she only smiled and waved good bye as I rushed to the train that was beginning to move. Then as I settled back in my seat I realized that she was a rare old lady and said to myself: "Why, oh why, couldn't she have been about thirty years younger; but then, if she was she would not have had sense enough either to appreciate an awkward young American or to try to be agreeable to a stranger. Bet when she was that young she would not speak to any one ~~xxxxxxx~~ who had not been ^{properly} introduced and certified to. It must have been her experience in India, Australia, and South Africa that broke the ice and made a real human being of her." All of which is probably true. Then again: "Whoever would have suspected that that angular, stiff, unpromising looking old woman had wrapped up in her head and heart such a fund of interesting experiences and knowledge of the world; something like a moving picture reel; and she unrolled part of it for my benefit and entertainment. Yes, travel is a liberal education. Yesterday I learned French and listened to three educated French people talk about sex for

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hours, a most interesting subject and one I never heard discussed so frankly and thoroughly before. Today, I meet a lady so old and so homely as to be sexless, but she talks to me for hours entertainingly about experiences and observations in foreign lands that were equally interesting!"

It was after dark when my lady friend left the coach. The train stopped at many small stations and seemed to loaf along. It grew very cold and snow spatted against the window panes. We drew into the station at Genoa, where I had to change cars, at 11 p.m. The passengers disembarked and went their several ways. The train for Rome would not arrive for an hour or two. The station was deserted. I left my baggage in a parcel room and looked about for a cigar stand because I was running short of smokes. There was none in the station. Outside it was very dark, the ground was covered with snow, and the streets were deserted. Seeing a light on a side street about a block away I went over to investigate and found a little all-right stand where food and beverages of various kinds were served. Here also I found some cheap cigars. I bought a supply and a bottle of beer, not knowing how to order wine, because Italian both written and spoken was unintelligible to me and the proprietor understood neither my French nor my English. At a little table I drank the beer and smoked the cigar in great content and listened to the proprietor and two tipsy customers chatter in Italian. To my surprise, as I listened, I began to recognize some of the words from their similarity to Latin and French and could almost catch the drift of their conversation.

Feeling greatly refreshed and in good humor with myself and

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the world in general I made my way back to the railway station in time to get comfortably settled in my sleeping compartment, which was a luxury after my experience in France.

I awoke in the early morning and looked out over a plain seen dimly through a heavy mist. On looking out and up to one side I was thrilled to see the arched remains of an old Roman aqueduct. Dressing quickly, I found that we were entering Rome, Rome the Eternal City, Rome one-time mistress of the world, and through my window I caught glimpses of ancient buildings and monuments. It was interesting, exciting, thrilling. Here was where all the Caesars lived in one of the greatest periods of human history, here is where the Popes have ruled the Catholic world for centuries, right down to the present, and I shall see St. Peter's, and the Forum, and the Colosseum. Wonderful, wonderful, I can hardly wait.

Soon the train pulled into the great station and porters swarmed alongside. Following the custom I had observed in France I raised the window and passed my hand baggage out to a porter. Fortunately he understood a few words of English and at my request took me to a restaurant where I had a breakfast of hard rolls, two boiled eggs, and a cup of black coffee. The porter waited patiently while I ate breakfast and then conducted me to an ancient carriage and an equally ancient horse and driver. He instructed the driver to take me to the Hotel Russie. Just outside the station we crossed an open plaza and passed near some ruins of old Rome, great gray stone walls of a circular structure which I hoped to examine more closely. Soon we passed a great fountain spouting many streams of water high in the air. Then we passed through numerous and devious narrow streets lined with 7-story buildings of brick and stone, until we reached the

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Corso, which seemed to be a street leading through the center of the city, passed the Piazza Colona with its remarkable column or tower decorated with old time war scenes in an ascending spiral, and on to the Piazza del Popolo, and came to a halt before a plain stuccoed building on a side street ~~xxxxxxxwiththesignxx~~ "Hotelxxx ~~xxxxxxx~~ but no sign was visible. *PP* "Hotel Russie?" I inquired of the driver, who smiled, nodded, and said "Si, si, Signore!" I got out. Just then a tall, distinguished looking gentleman without any hat stepped out of the entrance and I took him to be the head porter--because head porters are often distinguished looking and usually come out of hotel entrances without hats. Assuming that as head porter he probably understood English I said to him "Hotel Russie," He smiled pleasantly and said "Yes." The moment he spoke I sensed that he was not an employe, so I smiled back and said "Thank you." Within a few hours I was introduced to him as Sir Daniel Hall, delegate from Great Britain, former director of the celebrated Rothamsted Experiment Station, Minister of Agriculture, Forestry and Fisheries, etc., etc. Oh my puritanical ancestors, what a narrow escape, because at the entrance to the hotel before I heard him speak I was ~~xxxxxx~~ about to point to my bags, turn my back on him, and enter.

I asked him to tell my driver to wait a moment, which he graciously did. I had both written and telegraphed for a reservation at this hotel, but the clerk said all rooms had been ~~en~~ reserved many weeks in advance and no accommodations were available; also that all hotels in Rome were full. From him I obtained a list of hotels where I might be able to get a room and bed. I called at five hotels in different parts of the city only to be told that no room was available. At the 6th, however, the Albergo Minerva, I was more fortunate; a guest was just

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leaving and I was given his room within a few minutes after he left. After a shave and a change of clothing I went out for a brief scout around to get my bearings.

The Albergo Minerva was a seven-story building facing a small open square or piazza in the center of which was an ornamental stone elephant that in after years I came to love. Diagonally across from the hotel entrance was a large cathedral. Directly across and opposite the hotel entrance was a narrow opening or street by the side of the old, old Pantheon, an enormous circular structure of ancient brick and dating back to the days of the Republic, and within which are the tombs of some of Italy's kings and artists. In front of the Pantheon is a small triangular piazza with a fountain and statue. Two or three ¹ blocks farther on is the Piazza Colona with a great stone tower in the center covered with a spiral of Roman warriors and chariots, the Palazzo Chigi to one side, across the Corso an imposing white marble building, and between these buildings a number of shops and restaurants. A few squares down the Corso in one direction one ~~came~~^{came} to the great Piazza Venezia and the colossal modern monument to King Umberto; back of that the ancient capitol, the Forum, and the Coloseo. Overflowing hotels and chance had thrown me into the very heart of old Rome.

After luncheon I asked the head porter to engage a cab and direct the driver to take me to the International Institute of Agriculture. The cab was like all others in Rome in the year 1920, simply an old and very dilapidated carriage with a poor old horse and a smiling driver in rags. Automobiles were rarely seen. I saw not more than half a dozen in all Rome. I was driven down the Corso, past a number of cathedrals and small shops, through the Piazza del Popolo and the Flaminian Gate,

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and thence through the imposing portals of the Villa Borghese, up hill through an avenue of trees that met with interlacing branches overhead, past a large fountain with a statue of Neptune in the center, where a sharp turn and a short ascent took us by a small but very old looking structure that in later years I came to know as the Casetta, and then we drew up before the ~~palace~~ beautiful white marble palace of the International Institute of Agriculture.

Entering the arched portals of this building with mural and ceiling decorations in bright colors, I found a doorkeeper who could speak a little English. He conducted me to the office of the Secretary General, Prof. ^{Dragoni} Ricci, who occupied a stately room on the second floor--always called the first floor in European countries. Prof. ^{Dragoni} Ricci was a large, tall, Italian gentleman, with ^{white} ~~black~~ hair, eyes, and beard. He spoke English and was very cordial. From him I learned that my colleagues, Dean Hunt of the University of California, and Mr. Sconce of the American Farm Bureau Federation, had arrived and were stopping at the Hotel Russie. Also he told me that the Institute was badly in need of funds because it had been organized on a prewar basis, that since the war the cost of living had increased several hundred percent, and that many countries impoverished by the war had been unable to continue their contributions, and the Institute was in sore need of adequate personnel and equipment.

From the Institute I walked down the steep declivity to the tree bordered avenue, through the Flaminian Gate, past the cathedral in which Martin Luther had worshipped, and crossed the historic Piazza del Popolo with the terraced bluff of the

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Pincio on one side, to the Hotel de Russie. There I learned that Mr. Sconce was out sightseeing, but Dean Hunt came at once. He was a mild mannered elderly gentleman who was spending a year of Sabbatical leave at the University of Cambridge collecting material for a book. He had accepted the invitation of the U.S. Department of Agriculture to serve as a delegate to the General Assembly of the Institute because it gave him an opportunity to see Rome in an official capacity as well as to take part in the proceedings. He was very cordial and we agreed to meet the following forenoon at the Institute an hour before the formal opening of the General Assembly.

The remainder of the day and evening I spent walking about the Streets of Rome. I was struck by the intermingling of ancient and modern buildings. Except for a few modern buildings, the palacios, the cathedrals in almost every block, the narrow streets or alleys, the pavements without sidewalks, the little shops opening on these narrow alleys, all seemed steeped in age and to refer back to ancient days.

The next morning Dean Hunt, Mr. Sconce and I met in the large room at the Institute that was occupied by Mr. Lubin as permanent delegate until his death the previous year. Both my colleagues admitted that they did not understand French, the official language of the Institute. We discussed the question of an American program. Some months previously I had sent to the Institute a list of recommendations urging more detailed and prompt publication of agricultural statistics. These were readily agreed to by my colleagues. Then I suggested that we would be safe in recommending economy of administration, efficient organization and service, and ample appropriations for the support

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of the Institute. Next I suggested that inasmuch as the United States and the British Empire were agricultural countries on a large scale and contributed largely to the support of the Institute, it was only fair that the English language, which was becoming the principal commercial language of the world, should be made official at the Institute the same as French. Mr. Sconce had one or more resolutions regarding cooperation between the Institute and agricultural societies. These suggestions were all agreed to by us; also that Dean Hunt should act as head and spokesman of our delegation. Madame Agresti, former secretary and interpreter for Mr. Lubin, came in and offered to assist us. I ascertained that neither of my colleagues ~~WEXEX~~ was authorized to employ assistants at public expense. I had a small authorization and offered to pay Madame Agresti a small salary to act as our interpreter and secretary, to which she readily agreed.

Madame Olivia Rosetti Agresti impressed me not only as a very attractive woman, but as being remarkably intelligent, quick witted, and well informed. She had been associated with Mr. Lubin almost from the day he first landed in Rome and she it was, through her journalist husband and friends, who arranged for bringing Mr. Lubin in contact with public officials and his interview with the King that resulted in the establishment of the International Institute of Agriculture. To her, almost as much as to Mr. Lubin, belongs the credit for the founding of the Institute, because without her Mr. Lubin would probably have failed in Italy as he failed in other countries. In the days and years that followed I was to witness her remarkable talent that amounted almost to genius as an interpreter of three languages, English, French, and Italian. Never have I seen her equal; such spirit,

such animation, such fidelity to speech and thought on almost every subject, to which she gave such delicate touches of literary expression as to make each speaker feel not only that his thought and speech were rendered faithfully in the other language, but there was an added grace, smoothness, and improvement that he was glad to adopt as his own. Not only that, but so clearly and intuitively did she catch ~~the thought~~ and interpret the thought of the speaker that inadvertent slips of speech, little hiatuses and hesitations that fall to the lot of most speakers before an international gathering, were bridged and eliminated in her brilliant rendition of his thought into another language.

I suggested to Madame Agresti that inasmuch as my two colleagues could not understand French she should sit between them, because I could understand fairly well.

At 10.30 we adjourned to the large reception hall opposite the auditorium. This was finished in beautiful marble, red walls, gold trimmings, and a lofty ceiling painted in colors to represent symbolic rural scenes. Here we registered our names in a large finely bound volume, after which we met the members of the British delegation and the permanent delegates from other countries.

Promptly at 11 a.m., the various delegations were seated in sections assigned to them and the General Assembly was formally opened by the then aged president of the Institute, who was also a life member of the Italian Senate. Seated with him on the platform were the secretary general, members of the Permanent Committee from six or eight countries, and a few distinguished officials of the Italian government. In the open space below the

rostrum were some tables at which were seated shorthand reporters and press correspondents. In the front row of seats sat the King of Italy, dressed in a light gray military uniform with a large bejewelled medal on his breast, and with him were some of the higher officials of the government. The seats of the small amphitheater were all occupied by the official delegations from the adhering governments. Clustered about the entrances on either side of the speaker's platform and extending into the corridor outside spectators were standing and craning their necks for a glimpse of the King.

A temporary chairman (president) was elected, a speech of welcome was made by a representative of the Italian government, and a response given by Sir Daniel Hall, head of the British delegation, on behalf of the General Assembly. A flash light photograph was then taken, followed by a brief recess, during which the King and his entourage withdrew.

The Assembly then proceeded to effect a permanent organization. This involved the selection of a permanent president and a number of vice-presidents, and the division of the Assembly into four commissions, one for each of the four administrative divisions of the Institute, namely, administration, which would handle the budget for the ensuing two years, agricultural statistics, agricultural technique, and agricultural economics.

At the afternoon session the secretary general read his report of the activities, progress, and present situation of the Institute, since the last General Assembly of 1912, none having been held during that long period because of the interruption caused by the great war. The four commissions were organized by the appointment of a president, several vice-presidents, and a reporter for each, the presidents to preside over the sessions

and the reporters to write up the proceedings and prepare the final reports and recommendations. Then resolutions were called for and Mr. Sconce, as our spokesman, read the list of proposals we had agreed upon, which were interpreted by Madame Agresti. Although she was employed by the American delegation, by request she also acted as interpreter for the English and Italian delegations, turning what they had to say into French and what ~~they~~ ~~Fr~~ was said in French into English and Italian. Other delegations had to depend upon one of their own number, although many of them had a smattering of French or English.

As a result of this first day I found my understanding of the French spoken language clearing up rapidly, partly because it was literary French, partly because it related to subjects with which I was thoroughly familiar, and partly because of my preparation on the voyage and my concentrated attention on what was being said. Within a few days I found myself thinking and conversing in French. My own confidence was greatly strengthened by observing how delegates of other nationalities floundered, sputtered, and blundered when they tried to express themselves in French, and the tolerance and smiling sympathetic understanding and helpfulness of other delegates who appreciated the desperate effort the speaker was making to express himself in a foreign language.

For several days the four general commissions and the committees into which they subdivided held two or three sessions daily. I had been chosen to preside over the statistical commission. It made good progress and the only difficulty I had was in bringing to a close the interesting discussions.

One difficulty of the American delegation ~~was~~ arose from the fact that we had only three delegates to attend four com-

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missions that usually met simultaneously. I was tied up with the statistical commission, Dean Hunt elected to attend the Commission on Agricultural Economics, which was his specialty, and Mr. Sconce agreed to look after the Commission on Administration. I was interested in all four commissions and solved part of the difficulty by arranging to assign subjects to subcommittees and convening my full commission only in the afternoon, which left me free to attend the morning sessions of some of the other commissions.

The last three or four days of the General Assembly were given over to the consideration of the reports from the four commissions. So much of the ~~recommendations of the~~ American program as had been transmitted in advance from Washington was adopted; but the proposals calling for a report on personnel and organization of the Institute and the making of English official as well as French were lost because they had not been included in the agenda 90 days in advance, as required by the constitution of the Institute. The first proposal met with little or no opposition and the officials promised to have such a report ready for consideration at the next General Assembly.

Although the language proposal could not be officially considered and acted upon because it was not included in the agenda it aroused lively discussion in spite of the efforts of the presiding officer to rule out the subject. It had the support of the American, British, and Scandinavian delegates, but met with determined opposition from the French and other Latin speaking delegates. So strongly did Sir ~~Thos~~ Daniel Hall and I advocate the use of English, as well as French, at the General Assembly meetings, and so determined was the opposition of M. Louis Dop, leader of the French delegation, that the presiding

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officer appointed the three of us as a subcommittee to try to reach an agreement. We met and argued for half a day, could not agree, and nothing was accomplished with this proposal at this General Assembly except to bring the subject before the assembled delegates and convince them that the English speaking delegates were determined to get action at the first opportunity. That opportunity came two years later when I included it in the list of topics to be advocated by the American delegation and personally saw that a typewritten copy was mailed and another copy cabled more than the required 90 days in advance of the meeting. in ~~1920~~ 1922. Again there was lively debate and division along nationalistic lines and so determined the opposition that on the final ballot English was adopted as the official language, as well as French, at General Assembly meetings by a majority of just one vote.

The daily sessions usually lasted from nine or ten o'clock in the morning to five or six in the afternoon. These were followed by an official reception at one of the palaces occupied by a government department and high officials, the King, the ~~members of his~~ ministers of his cabinet, and the mayor of the city of Rome. These were gorgeous affairs, officials and invited guests being in uniform or full evening dress amid stately surroundings, with attractive refreshments, including champagne and other wines.

My experience at the reception given by the King at the Quirinal was both trying and amusing. Each delegate received a royal invitation to attend the reception at 6 p.m. On that particular afternoon the statistical commission over which I presided got into a prolonged discussion of certain technical questions of great interest but of little importance. Having in mind the royal reception that was to follow I tried to close

in mind the royal reception that was to follow I tried to close the debate and adjourn at 5 p.m. so that the delegates would have time to return to their hotels and prepare for the most important social function of the series, but without success. It was not until later that I noticed that most if not all the delegates had worn their Prince Albert coats and top hats and therefore were prepared to go directly from the Institute to the Quirinal. Thinking that we would adjourn at any minute I did not vacate my seat and call upon a vice-president to carry on, as I should have done, which would have left me free to go to my hotel and don evening attire. From time to time with increasing anxiety I suggested adjournment, but the discussion was lively and interesting and we actually adjourned with just fifteen minutes in which to cross the city to keep our appointment with the King.

I did not know where the Quirinal is, but estimated that it would probably take fifteen minutes to reach it, which would leave me no time to stop at the hotel for a change of clothing. I very much wanted to see the inside of a King's palace and I expected never to have another opportunity. Also I assumed that when the King set a definite time for his reception he would expect his invited guests to present themselves promptly. Apparently I had the choice of three courses: go to the hotel and change to the proper dress, and arrive half an hour late; or go in the clothes I wore, and be conspicuous; or remain away, and forego the opportunity of a lifetime. I decided to go just as I was, thinking that after all I was an official delegate from the government of the United States and other good Americans, notably Benjamin Franklin, would not hesitate to stand before a king in whatever garb he happened to be wearing. So I called a cab and directed the driver to take me to the Quirinal palace.

Unfortunately the suit I was wearing was a prewar office suit, gray and worn threadbare from long use, thin and shiny in places. I had deferred buying a new suit because of the high prices, and the notice of my foreign trip came so unexpectedly, the time for preparation was so short, and I had so much to do, that I could not run out and buy a new outfit on such short notice. Now I regretted it. En route my left hand inadvertently came in contact with my right elbow, and to my horror I discovered a spot that had worn through. It was as large as a half dollar, with frayed edges, and the lining was exposed. I was debating with myself whether, in view of this new catastrophe, it would not be better to return to the hotel without seeing the King and his palace, when I saw that we were actually approaching the palace. I decided to see the thing through regardless of consequences.

My shabby carriage drove up to the entrance and across the interior court between two imposing double lines of soldiers on dress parade. From the foot of the steps under a canopy and over a velvet carpet I marched alone, with head up, eyes to the front, and the worn sleeve of my right arm pulled partly around and held firmly against my side so that the hole would not show, between an interminable line of flunkies dressed in gorgeous uniforms and wearing gold helmets with plumes. I proceeded between these lines of gorgeous guards standing shoulder to shoulder on either side across a large chamber, up some broad steps at the far end, a soldier of marvelous proportions and dress standing at either end of each step, and into another great salon on the second floor. Here I exhibited my card of invitation to a group of officials and was bowed into a still larger salon and conducted to the other members of the American delegation, who were standing with the American Minister to whom Dean Hunt introduced me. The Minister smiled as his eye traveled

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Dean Hunt introduced me. The Minister smiled as his eye traveled over my costume, and again when I explained in a low voice why I was not in full dress.

The salon was very large and had a lofty ceiling of carved wood, the walls were colored a dull somber red and hung with paintings of members of the royal family, the floor was covered with a thick soft carpet, there was an enormous open fireplace on one side, a large ornamental candelabra with electric lights above, and pieces of carved furniture along the walls that seemed dwarfed by the magnificent proportions of the ~~roomy~~ chamber.

I scarcely had time to note these details when there was a stir and the King entered. Beginning at the end of the line he was introduced to the members of the French delegation by the French Minister, then to the members of the British delegation by the British Minister (or ambassador), and then to our small delegation of three members by the American Minister. Of the three I was introduced last as "the representative of millions of American farmers." Either this phrase or my appearance attracted the attention of the King and instead of nodding and passing on as he had done with all the other delegates, he stopped to ask questions. When I realized that he was speaking good English in a matter of fact way and, above all, that his plain gray uniform matched my plain gray office suit, I was perfectly at ease and answered his questions without the slightest hesitation and a smile, and he smiled in return. Of all the delegates I was the only one he stopped to talk with. Later, when we were admitted to another large and brilliantly lighted salon in which refreshments were served, one of the British delegates remarked to me,

"Mr. Estabrook, you were highly honored by His Majesty, the King."
"Yes, possibly," I replied, "but you must remember that once upon a time certain Americans issued a declaration to the effect that all men are created equal, which most of us still believe--with appropriate reservations."

On the one Sunday included in the period of the General Assembly the delegates were taken as guests of the Minister of Agriculture on a special train to visit Tivoli and Hadrian's Villa, ~~some~~ fifteen miles from Rome. The route lay over the famous Roman campagna, which appealed to one's imagination because of the stately ruins of the old aqueducts and watch towers. Tivoli is up on a mountain with terraced vineyards and olive groves on the slopes. A dashing mountain stream roars through a narrow gorge near the town and narrow streets paved with stones climb upward. On a cliff overlooking the gorge is a jewel of an ancient pagan temple and in the town are several ancient churches among the first to be constructed in Italy after the introduction of Christianity. These we inspected and then walked across to the Villa d'Este on the side of the mountain overlooking the valley, the campagna, and Rome in the distance. The Villa d'Este is a stone castle with towers, minarets, stone staircases, and large chambers. On the valley side is a cliff with a sheer drop of several hundred feet. Below the castle, or palace, are several acres of landscaped garden surrounded by a high stone wall. On the side toward the mountain a great stream of water rushes through a tunnel, falls in a beautiful cascade, and a portion is diverted through many smaller channels and fountains, so there is always the sound of splashing and falling waters. In the center of the garden are some enormous cypress trees over 200 feet high, the largest I have seen in any country. In every direction

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were trees, shrubbery, flowers, and fountains.

The delegates were assembled in a large dining hall with walls and ceilings covered with beautiful paintings of pagan scenes in brilliant colors. Surely this was a real palace. A banquet was served with many kinds of wine. This was followed by short speeches of felicitation and many toasts were drunk to our hosts of the Italian government. Inspired by champagne, an appealing look from my two colleagues, and a nudge from a British companion, I rose to the occasion and made my first speech in French, expressing on behalf of my government the hope that the International Institute of Agriculture might continue to grow in usefulness and contribute to the prosperity and welfare of all peoples of the earth, and thanking the officials of the Italian government for their warm welcome and the perfection of detail of their program of business and entertainment. Whether my words were clearly understood or not I am sure that the spirit in which they were uttered was, for it was greeted with a round of applause and the presiding officer rushed over to me, threw an arm about my shoulder and for a moment I thought he was about to kiss me, but instead he shook me vigorously by the hand.

My stay in Europe was limited, because I wished to return to Washington before the Agricultural Committee began to consider our estimates of appropriation. For this reason I decided to leave Rome on the last day of the General Assembly and to spend the last afternoon sightseeing. I had been so completely occupied with official meetings that I had seen nothing of Rome except the immediate surroundings of the Institute, the hotel, and the streets between. At noon of the last day I said good bye to my colleagues, the officials of the Institute, and such acquaint-

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as I had made among the delegates. Just as I was leaving the Institute a British delegate asked me if I had obtained a police permit to leave Rome. I expressed my surprise, because I had never heard of such a thing except in the case of criminals on parole, but he assured me that such a permit was necessary. I could readily understand why the police authorities of a city might be interested in knowing something about incoming visitors, but it seemed strange that they should want to know all about him ⁿwhen he came to leave. To save time I drove directly to police headquarters, only to find the offices closed until 3 p.m. That would spoil my afternoon of sightseeing that I had looked forward to. It was then 1 p.m. and I had two hours. After a hasty luncheon I engaged a carriage and driver to take me to St. Peters, which I had seen only in the distance.

We cross the Tiber, passed the medaeval Castello de St. Angelo, and into the great plaza with the great Egyptian obelisk and a fountain in the center and the fountains and colonaded wings on the sides, and I dismounted. I walked up the broad marble steps worn ~~with~~ by the feet of millions of the faithful and visitors and passed through the great portals into the gigantic temple. Here I spent nearly two hours viewing great St. Peter's inside and out, and then tore myself away.

~~There~~ Promptly at 3 p.m. I again called at the police department and exhibited my papers. I was assured that it would be impossible to issue a permit that afternoon, that none could be issued the following day because it was Sunday, but if everything was found regular it might be issued sometime Monday. I protested that I already had my railway ticket and sleeper reservation for the train leaving for Paris the next morning. It was too bad, but nothing could be done about it. Then I lost patience

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and announced that I would leave Rome on the morning train and if that permit was not forthcoming this afternoon there would be a diplomatic explosion and his little department, his chief and himself, himself especially, would have to suffer the consequences for inefficiency and general stupidity, and I called his particular attention to my credentials and diplomatic character. The clerk I was dealing with could speak English and was duly impressed, but hesitated and continued to shake his head. Then I pulled out my pocket book, held it below and to one side of the desk, took out a 50 lira note and passed it to him. He suddenly came to life and thought it might be done. He said that if I could supply him with three photographs of myself before five p.m. and would leave my papers with him it might be done. As an inexperienced traveler I did not have a supply of photographs with me, and I asked him where I should go to have them taken. He promptly produced a card with the name and address of a photographer. At my request he telephoned the photographer that I ^{was} ~~was~~ coming and to have everything in readiness. The studio was nearly a mile from police headquarters, but when I arrived everything was in readiness and the exposure was made. The photographer expressed doubt as to his ability to make prints before 5 p.m. Another 50 lire note slipped to him resolved his doubts. It was then 4 p.m. and I would have to wait ^{an} hour, and yet the time was too short for sight seeing. I put in the hour walking up and down the Via Nazionale looking at shop windows that I could see in any city--and old Rome lay just a few blocks away and I could not see it. As 5 p.m. drew near I had a taxi automobile I had picked up waiting at the studio, and as soon as the prints were turned over to me I dashed out and told the driver to make speed to police headquarters, which he did. We arrived before the office

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closed, the papers were ready, the photographs were pasted in, and the permit was signed at 5.30 p.m., by which time it was dark. Too late for sightseeing. As the result of a feverish afternoon, I had seen St. Peter's and secured a permit to leave Rome, and the fiasco and disappointment, and expense of ten or fifteen dollars, were all due to that condemned requirement of a police permit to leave.

When I returned to the hotel the head porter said Dean Hunt wished me to call him up by telephone at the Hotel Russie. After much telephoning, the head porter at the Hotel de Russie said I could reach Dean Hunt at the Hotel Grand. More telephoning to the Hotel Grand, and at last Dean Hunt's voice was heard, saying that a farewell banquet was being given at that hotel and through oversight he had failed to notify me ^{ear} ~~ear~~ _^lier in the day, but please come over at once. This meant a quick change into evening dress and a drive across the city. At the Grand Hotel I found a large and luxurious ~~waiter~~ reception room. The desk clerk knew nothing of Dean Hunt, of Sir Daniel Hall, or of any banquet. I wrote the two names on the back of my card and asked that they be pag-
ed throughout the hotel. At last Dean Hunt appeared, very apologetic, and took me to a large banquet hall, but by this time the affair was about over. However, I was glad that I came because I saw the delegates warmed up with wine and full of good fellow-
ship in striking contrast to their dignified demeanor at pur^ely _^ official functions. My British acquaintance who had told me about the police permit sidled up and asked in a low voice, "Did you get a permit?" "Hush," I said, "come with me," and I led him off to one side. "Yes," I said, "I got that permit, but it has spoiled the only afternoon I had for sightseeing; and I do not for one instant think it was necessary; I don't expect any

official of the Italian or any other government to ask to see it. What will you wager? I will wager any amount against a precious English pound sterling that I never have to show it. How about it? Now, do you want to know what I think about the whole transaction? Just listen. It's characteristic of effete and provincial and superannuated Europe and Europeans, who are the dumbest of dumb numbskulls on the face of the earth, not excepting the South Sea islanders or the negroes of unexplored Africa. Listen. This is what I think of that police permit. Then I reeled off with proper emphasis the rich vocabulary of swear words that I had learned from my sailor father. Now, what do you think of it?" He wore a look of stupified, uncomprehending astonishment, and all he could say was "Sorry." "So am I," I replied and bid him good bye.

The next morning I boarded the Rome to Paris express and had an all day ride across northern Italy. It was a gray, cold, gloomy day, and the houses, especially those in the country, looked cold and uncomfortable. There was no sign of life and no smoke came out of the chimneys. In my compartment was a young British commercial agent who kept up a constant chatter. He was returning from his first trip away from home and had been through France, Italy, Greece, Turkey, and Roumania. He said he knew nothing of the languages spoken in those countries and I suspected he had suffered from loneliness and any one to talk to in his own language, which accounted for his loquacity to me. The burden of his conversation was the superiority of the British race and everything British to the rest of the world. Since the downfall of Greece, he asserted, no other people had produced such great philosophers, statesmen, poets, dramatists, artists, writers, musicians, or had built up such an empire, or such a mighty navy, or had won so many wars, and in industry, commerce,

mighty navy, or had won so many wars, and in industry, commerce, and diplomacy, no other nation could compare. I was tired and did not care to argue with him, but simply listened. Also it dawned upon me that I had heard certain Americans, young and old, talk about their race and country in much the same way.

At night passengers turned their passports and the keys to their baggage over to the night porter so that the customs examination could be made at the frontier without disturbing them. This I thought was a sensible arrangement.

At daylight we were on the north side of the Alpes and one could look up and see the sharp peaks of the mountains covered with snow and the pine and spruce trees silvered with frost. I stepped into the little washroom adjoining our compartment to wash and shave. The light was dim and when I filled the bowl with water I did not notice that it was full of sharp cinders. When I dashed this water over my face the cinders cut my face and some of them lodged in my eyes. All that day, and for several days, I suffered great pain and could scarcely see.

At Paris I spent two or three days interviewing American embassy officials, several officials of the French government, and several business firms to whom I had letters of introduction, in pursuance of my letter of authorization which instructed me to collect economic information regarding the present financial situation of France and her probable demand and purchasing power for American farm products. I found that in order to interview a French business man it was necessary to arrange in advance for an appointment, and that he was wary in replying to questions. In all my dealings with the French I have been impressed by their characteristic secretiveness and reluctance to discuss anything that relates to their private business or

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public policies of their country. This impression was confirmed by the statement of a British gentleman who had lived many years in Paris to the effect that it was customary for French business men to keep two sets of books, one for their own private information which was always kept under lock and key, and the other for the benefit of the public, especially tax assessors and inspectors.

During my stay in Paris I spent half a day in the art galleries of the Louvre, and evenings promenaded the streets or went to a theater. In order to leave Paris I had to go through the same idiotic performance as at Rome, obtain a police permit, stand in line, pay fees, lose a lot of time, all for a document that was never afterwards called for and was of no apparent use.

From Paris I went to the Hague by way of Brussels and Rotterdam. About fifty miles from Paris we passed through a section that had been devastated by the invading armies. Many villages and country houses were in ruins and in several places were areas covered with tangled barriers of barbed wire. In fact, many miles of fair France seemed uninhabited except for the cultivated fields through which we were passing.

On both sides of the French-Belgian frontier passengers were required to disembark for view of passports and inspection of baggage. How blessed are the people of the United States that they do not have to go through this inconvenient and annoying formalities every time they pass from city to city or cross a state boundary.

In crossing Belgium and Holland I was impressed by the small size of the holdings and their garden like appearance, and the apparent activity of their people and factories, judging by the smoke that was pouring from every chimney and the number of

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people and vehicles to be seen on their streets and country roads. We reached Rotterdam after dark and I changed cars for the Hague, which are only a short distance apart. I put up at the Bellevue Hotel, which reminded me of an American hotel by its cleanliness, comfort, and cheery brightness, in striking contrast with the hotels of Rome and Paris.

On looking out the next morning I was surprised to see that the trees and the grass were still green, so that it looked more springlike than portions of France and Italy far to the south. I had interesting interviews with the American Consul, the Commercial Attache, officials of the Dutch department of Agriculture, some of whom I had met at the Institute, and several banking houses to whom I had letters of introduction. These banks were altogether different from those in the United States. Instead of being conspicuous by reason of situation at street corners, imposing fronts of marble columns, and a large sign bearing the name of the bank, there was no sign or other mark to distinguish these great banking houses from the adjoining private residences; but inside ^{they} were comfortably heated and well lighted offices with elegant mahogany furniture. In contrast with the French business men whom I had interviewed, these bankers talked freely and frankly of the business situation of Holland and probable trends for the future and were cordial and helpful in every way--much like Americans. This was partly due, no doubt, to the fact that they understood and spoke English without effort.

At the Hague I noticed the attractive displays of cigars in the shop windows, so different from France and Italy where tobacco is a ^government monopoly and is kept out of sight under lock and key, as were also matches, the same as postage stamps. The canals through the city were also interesting, especially

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the sight of masts and sails moving slowly through what appeared to be tree-lined streets.

The next day I left the Hague for London by way of Rotterdam, The Hook, and Harwich. I had expected to take my baggage with me, but an employe of the hotel suggested that it would be more convenient to check it through to the steamer at The Hook. As I wished to see something of Rotterdam without the bother of looking after baggage, I did so.

I made the trip to Rotterdam by trolley car across great sand flats and marshes. At Rotterdam I walked the streets, resting at intervals in a small restaurant near the railway station. There was not much to see; at least all I saw was a few public buildings, shipping, rows of warehouses, shops, and dwellings. It was a wet gloomy afternoon and pleasanter indoors than out. I had a cheerful supper at the little restaurant, and at 9 p.m. boarded a train and made a quick run to The Hook, thinking I would board the steamer and retire early. However, the baggage-master was unable to find my baggage that had been checked through from the Hague. It contained everything I had brought with me except the clothes I wore. He said trains came in every half hour and assured me the baggage would arrive before the departure of the boat at midnight. For this reason I waited and watched the baggage unloaded from each incoming train. I waited until five minutes before the boat was to sail and went aboard without baggage, leaving instructions and tips to have it forwarded by next boat. This was a most unpleasant experience and showed the wisdom of many travelers who cautioned me never to lose sight of my baggage in Europe.

When I awoke the next morning the boat was tied to the pier

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at Harwich. I disembarked, had a light breakfast, purchased a railway ticket to London, and walked up and down the platform for more than an hour waiting for the train. The journey took about four hours and was through a pleasantly undulating country with substantial homes, roads, groves of trees, and hedges, as far as one could see through the mist and fog.

On arrival at London I went to a modest little hotel called The Palace that had been recommended. After luncheon I went to the office of Thos. Cook & Sons where I exchanged my Dutch money for sterling and had them telegraph^{ed} the transportation company to look out for my baggage. Then I had a shave in a barber shop. The barber directed me to a haberdashery where I bought collars, cuffs, handkerchiefs, and other needful things, and from the clerk I was directed to a shop where I bought comb, brushes, toothpaste and soap. Fortunately I was wearing an overcoat, and gloves, and carried an umbrella at the time I was separated from my baggage, because the temperature was low and frost and ice formed at night. There was no heat in the hotels or shops because of a threatened coal strike. That evening I demanded extra covering for the bed and with my heavy overcoat on top of that was able to sleep in comfort.

It was very cold and gloomy the next morning and I thought longingly of the bright sunshine of Washington and the warm interiors of our houses. In the cold dining room at breakfast most of the guests sat and shivered in their overcoats and cloaks and looked blue and discouraged.

After breakfast I called at the office of Mr. A. E. Foley, agricultural commissioner of the Office of Markets, who occupied two small rooms at the top of the American Embassy building. He showed me his records and files and explained how he obtained

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information on the commerce in agricultural products in Great Britain and the Continent. During my stay of three or four days in London he was very helpful. He introduced me to the commercial attache, the American Consul, Mr. Skinner, and other members of the American Embassy. He invited me to meet friends at his bachelor's quarters one evening; another evening we dined at the Cheshire Cheese, the old restaurant patronized by Dr. Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, Charles Lamb, Charles Dickens, and other celebrities; and another evening we went to a theater. Also we had luncheon at the American Club, where I met many of my countrymen and enjoyed their frank comments on things British and European, and above all their hearty good humor. It seemed to me that in one hour at the American Club I witnessed more gaiety and lively good humor than I had seen since I left New York.

On the third day of my stay I rode out to the Kew Gardens of which I had heard so much from my botanical friends in the Bureau of Plant Industry. It is a wonderful place for a lover of trees and plants. There are groves of magnificent trees, beautiful green sward and vistas between the groves, innumerable flowering shrubs and gardens, and many large glass houses full of exotic plants. I was surprised to see roses in bloom in the open air although there was ice on the pavements in shady places. Between interviews Mr. Foley took me for a glimpse of the Thames and its bridges, the houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, Buckingham Palace, St. Paul's, the Bank of England, the Tower, ^{London Bridge,} ^{Hyde Park,} and the British Museum.

Two days before I was to leave my baggage arrived and my anxiety on that score was relieved. Before it arrived I had ~~tried to find a shop where I could buy a ready to wear suit. I~~

tried to find a shop where I could buy a ready to wear suit. The only one's I found were suits made to order in tailoring establishments and left on their hands and, of course, these did not fit me. In one of these shops I paused to admire some attractive woolen goods and the manager asked why I did not have a suit made from it. I explained that I was to leave in 48 hours and there was not time enough. He assured me that a suit could be made within 24 hours. I expressed doubt, but he was so insistent that it could be done that I gave the order on the understanding that if the suit did not fit I would not have to pay for it. Sure enough, when I ^acalled the following afternoon the suit was ready and a perfect fit.

The following morning Mr. Worth, Mr. Foley's clerk, accompanied me to the railway station and saw me comfortably installed in a compartment of a train for Liverpool. This would take me across England and I had looked forward to the trip with pleasure at the opportunity to see something of old England, the land of my forefathers and of which I had read so much. Unfortunately a dense fog hung over the land and only occasionally did I catch fleeting glimpses of the embankment on either side of the railway--not a house or village or tree or shrub was to be seen. I might as well have sat in a lighted room at night with rain outside. It was extremely cold on the train, which was without heat and encrusted with ice outside. I kept my overcoat buttoned up and wore gloves. A middle aged lady and her grown son and daughter sat in the same compartment wrapped and muffled in heavy coats and furs and looked no happier than I felt. The journey was made in complete silence. Not once during that long day did either of my companions speak to each other or to me. It

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It was a deadly cold, deadly tiresome, deadly silent, and deadly dignified ride.

Arriving at Liverpool about dark I went to a comfortable hotel, except for lack of heat; but there was plenty of light, a good supper, and cheerful company. That evening I stepped across the street and entered a cheap bar or pub and for the first time saw barmaids serving customers. I ordered a glass of Bass ale and sat at a little table to one side. There was one husky barman and three or four pretty, wholesome looking barmaids. The half dozen or more customers appeared to be working men who drank beer with apparent relish and laughed and talked to one another and with the barmaids, whom they treated with great respect. Nothing was said that could not have been said in any American restaurant or school. An old man came in who showed by his actions that he had drunk too much. He was tipsy and foolish. He stepped up to the bar and ordered a glass of beer. The barmaid shook her head. The barman stepped up and looking the tipster straight in the eye said gently but firmly, "No, you already have had too much: better go straight home and let your wife put you to bed." The would be customer threw up his head as if about to protest and then meekly turned and walked out. During this episode there was a temporary hush, but as the man passed out of the door there was a look and a murmur of approval from the customers. Not a bad system, I thought.

The next day I ^acalled on the editor of the Liverpool Gazette and had a very pleasant chat with him on the present and probable future of the cotton market. He took me into the Cotton Exchange and introduced me to the Secretary, who very cordially took me in charge. He took me on the floor of the exchange and explained

its news-service, the methods of buying and selling, dealing in futures, recording and settling transactions, and introduced me to several prominent members. Then he arranged for a luncheon with the president of the exchange, which was a very agreeable affair. At their request I outlined the methods employed in estimating the American cotton crop and for safeguarding the official reports, in all of which they seemed to be keenly interested.

Late that afternoon I boarded the S.S.Celtic of the White Star Line. I found that my cabin was down in the interior of the ship and that it was already partially occupied. There were four berths. In the middle of the floor and taking up most of the available space ^{were} ~~was~~ several large trunks. Seated in a corner was a large, elderly man, plainly Irish, with a most despondent expression on his face. His face lighted up when he saw me enter and instantly recognized me as an American. When I inquired whether those were his trunks, he said they belonged to a bloody Britisher. I expressed the opinion that those trunks would have to be removed. Just then the "bloody Britisher" entered. He was a dapper little man of middle age and a consumptive and irritable looking face. He gave me a casual glance and then stared coldly at the big Irishman and said in a most ironical and insulting manner, "You here yet?" The Irishman bucked up and answered, "Sure I'm here," and seeing me smile and nod behind the "bloody Britisher's" back, he added, "an' here I'll remain, and don't ye fergit I paid as much good money for this cabin as you did." At this point I intervened with, "Sorry, sir, but it must be obvious to the most obtuse that these trunks cannot remain here. Surely your servant made a mistake in not engaging a whole cabin for their accommodation." He looked at me in a most supercilious manner and his lips curled scornfully. I saw the steward just outside

the door and I called to him. As he entered I slipped two shilling pieces into his hand and said quietly, "Remove those trunks; they are in my way and it is against the rules of the company for them to be here; they belong in the hold." The steward was embarrassed and hesitated. "Come," I said, "quick about it; if you can't do it for me, you will do it for the purser, and ^{if} not for the purser, then for the captain, and within the next five minutes." "But, the gentleman," he stammered. "You are mistaken," I interrupted, "no gentleman would think of putting his trunks in a cabin like this; the first attribute of a gentleman is consideration for others; he has none; I doubt if he is even a man, certainly not a manly man; and he has no manners; if he stays in this cabin, he must know his place and behave himself accordingly, But get that baggage out of here, and do it quick." The steward called for assistance and the great trunks were set outside temporarily in the narrow corridor. The "bloody Britisher" was pale and speechless. Turning to him I said, "Shall I see the purser, or will you?" He answered, "I will see him all right." "Good," I said, ~~"but just remember I am a high official of the American government, have a diplomatic passport, and that inexcusably nasty manners don't and won't go with Americans."~~ He promptly disappeared, as did his belongings within half an hour. My Irish companion was all smiles and chuckles. "Good fer ye ^{me} ~~my~~ bye; ye did a good job of it, an' I'm grateful fer it; if it hadn't a bin fer ye an that bloody Britisher had stayed in this cabin there sure 'ud ha' bin one murdhar on this boat, may all the saints in Hiven fergive me." Thus we left the sole occupants of the cabin. ~~Thxxxx~~

That evening the old fellow told me his story. More than thirty years before he had come to the United States as a poor immigrant and after working a few years in New York City and saving some money he married and went to Long Branch, New Jersey, and opened a boarding house. In the years that followed he had prospered. Always he looked forward to visiting the home country and his relatives and friends, but always something intervened to prevent it. In the course of years his wife died, and his children grew up and established homes of their own as children will, and he grew old. Then came the great war and the best he could do to serve the country of his adoption was to continue to serve meals and lodging to other people at moderate prices. Now that the war was over and he was getting old, and his surviving brothers and sisters whom he had not seen for thirty years were getting old, he broke away from his accustomed surroundings and took passage for Ireland, intending to spend at least three months with his relatives. He reached Ireland in time of great trouble and was subjected to all sorts of indignities when he landed. Such of his relatives, friends, and old neighbors as were still living were ambuscading and taking pot shots at the police. The police were retaliating with great brutality. There was open warfare by day and by night and human life was in constant jeopardy. "The bad thing about it," he said, "is that very little appears in the papers and that is mostly less." He said that the things that were being done in Ireland in the name of the law were simply beyond belief. After meeting such of his relatives as still lived, which he did within a week, he decided to return to his home in the United States by the first boat. Although he was a naturalized American citizen ~~xxxxxx~~ and had the papers to prove it, he had

all sorts of trouble with the British authorities in getting permission to leave. Another difficulty was encountered. All boats leaving Irish ports for America were booked up three months in advance. At the suggestion of an American friend he had hit upon the plan of engaging passage on the first steamer leaving Liverpool on which a reservation could be made. He had difficulty in entering England, notwithstanding his American passport, simply because he bore an Irish name and spoke with an Irish brogue. He had applied for a second class passage, but was informed that the only reservation that could be made was first class. Not only was the price of first class passage more than twice that of second class, but the old man felt out of place among first class passengers. "But," he said, "I'd gladly pay anything or give anything just to get back to my home in America and live among human beings again." During the entire voyage he remained in the cabin and went on deck only at night when other passengers were not about. In the dining room he had secured a small table in a corner in a sort of alcove where he felt he was not under observation. He was bringing with him a niece from Ireland. She was a bright, lovely, witty, little blond with red hair, blue eyes, pink cheeks and freckles, a saucy tip-tilted nose and red lips, and full of bubbling fun and frolic, but withal rather timid amid her strange surroundings. Several times at the old man's earnest solicitation I dined at their table. The little niece had the most delicious Irish brogue I ever heard, and at times exhibited the same mischievous winning look of Maude Adams. The old man was excessively grateful to me for eliminating the common British enemy and was my devoted admirer. At times he would say, "Oh, but it's proud I am to have

a real American gentleman with me, because an American gentleman is human and considerate and accommodating and understands how other human beings feel," and I would reply in imitation, "G'wan wid ye, it's nuthin but blarney I hear," at which he would chuckle and say "Sure, an' ye'd ought to ^yave bin an Irishman." When I told him that one of my great-great-great-grandmothers was descended in direct line from Irish kings, he shouted gleefully, "An' didn't I know it: I knew you must ^yave Irish blood in your veins, to be ~~such~~ a gintleman as ye are." So we got along excellently well, although he would not have been my choice for a cabin companion, but I realized I ^{had} ~~had~~ no choice in the matter and simply made the best of it. The first morning I awoke late. The old man, fully dressed, was sitting on the edge of his berth. He had remained as quiet as a mouse for fear of disturbing me. He smiled ingratiatingly when he saw I was awake. Then he ^w ~~said~~ that a bottle of whiskey on the washstand had caught my eye. An expression of interest spread over his face. He said "Sure, I take a drap of shiskey in the marnin' for my health. I hope ye don't mind." "Not at all," I replied, "go ahead whenever you feel like it." "An' will ye have a nip," said he. "With pleasure," said I. With that he poured out a liberal dose and brought it to me in bed, and thereafter every morning the performance was repeated. It was good Irish whiskey, too. He never made a sound to disturb my morning sleep and the moment I awoke he greeted me with a smile and a Hearty "Good marning to ye, Sir," and "just a little nip now for your good health."

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I parted from him and his bright little niece, looking just a little frightened, at the gang plank in New York with a hearty handshake on both sides and from him an equally hearty "God bless you, my friend; I shall always remember you." I have had many less congenial ~~exhilarating~~ fellow cabin passengers, and few more warm hearted and harmless ones than this poor, ignorant, old, and disappointed Irishman who was so grateful for a little considerate treatment from a stranger.

Throughout the voyage from Liverpool to New York, November 24 to December 3, we faced northwest winds and heavy seas, the sky was overcast, the wind cold, and the ship pitched and rolled. I spent much of my time in the smoking room writing an official report of my trip and summarising the information I had obtained on the economic situation and prospective demand for American agricultural products in western Europe. When I was not writing I spent most of my time reading books from the library. Most of the passengers stayed in their cabins and I made but few acquaintances. After the first evening I seldom caught sight of the "bloody Britisher" and never learned who or what he was.

On the last evening of the voyage I sat up until a late hour in the smoking room observing the behavior of a large group of men who were playing cards, drinking heavily, and telling risque stories. One other observer sat silently near me, smoking a big cigar. It was Mr. Morgan, the banker. A young South American who was very tipsy added to the hilarity of the occasion by making a speech in which he glorified all the American peoples and countries in comparison with effete Europe. "Europe," he said, "lives in the past like an Egyptian mummy--America lives in the bright and glorious sunlight of the future, and instead of rotting in her shoes will spread her wings and fly

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to the heavens above, because we have Libertad, Libertad, oh Libertad!" with which peroration he collapsed amid cheers of his companions.

With what eagerness returning Americans watched for the first glimpse of the Long Island shore and of Staten Island, and what a disappointment it was that the ship must anchor over night at the quarantine station, spend one more night on the boat, with New York City and its brilliant lights and other attractions only such a short distance across the bay. ^PAn amusing incident occurred as the ship proceeded slowly to her anchorage. The sister of the mayor of Dublin, who came to the United States to raise funds for the Irish cause, was on board. She had remained in her cabin throughout the voyage. The New York World had organized a rousing reception for her and had chartered a small steamer to meet the incoming liner, take off the lady and transfer her to the pier where a large and enthusiastic crowd was awaiting her, and thence to a hall where Irish sympathizers would make the most of the occasion. Ther boat met our ship outside the harbor and with siren blowing and band playing and the Irish flag flying drew up alongside and accompanied us to the anchorage. Drawing closer alongside a spokesman with a megaphone announced that they had come for the "leading Irish lady representative of British brutality and persecution." The quarantine officials refused to permit the lady to leave the ship. When the decision was made known there was a howl of derision from the Irish boat. Then for an hour or more the band on the boat played Irish patriotic airs. On the upper deck of our ship was a large gathering, partly returning Americans and partly British and Scotch. The Americans enjoyed the diversion, but the British were very indignant. I heard one of

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the British ladies near me exclaim shrilly, "Why, it's a shame; why does the United States permit such a thing; why, it's disloyal; they should all be arrested and clapped into prison." Just then the Irish sympathizers on the boat began to sing the song with the refrain, "They're hangin' men an' women, For the wearin' of the green." The British contingent on our ship responded ~~with~~ by singing "God save the King," and across the water through the megaphone a voice shouted, "Sure, an' it's only God that can save him." The American contingent joined in the singing with both parties, only singing to the tune of "God save the King," the words "My country 'tis of thee," etc. At any rate, all had a good time.

The next morning the passengers were routed out before 6 a.m. for medical inspection, although the inspectors did not show up until 7.30. I have observed this same procedure on practically all ocean liners and have never heard a reasonable explanation of just why passengers should be put to so much inconvenience and discomfort. They are routed out at an unusual hour; they can obtain nothing to eat or drink for two hours or more; their cabins are turned topsy-turvy by the impatient stewards, and if their baggage is ready it is taken away; during the fall, winter, and spring months in New York harbor at 6 a.m. and for sometime thereafter it is usually too cold to promenade on deck and too foggy to see anything; so there is nothing to do but sit around in the lounge and wait for the medical officers. They, of course, are having their breakfast somewhere and taking their time about it. At last they appear, the passengers file slowly before them, and the inspection is over. Then there is a break for the dining room and something to eat and a cup of hot coffee.

Everybody feels better and more normal. But why could not coffee, at least, be served one or two hours sooner on these special occasions? Why all that unnecessary discomfort?

After breakfast comes examination of passports by another set of officials. In the case of returning Americans this ~~is~~ *was* simply a perfunctory matter of checking names against the ship's passenger list, but in the case of other nationalities the examination was thorough and many questions, some of them highly impertinent and apparently wholly unnecessary, were asked. Why is it that a little official authority and power seems to go to the heads of so many minor officials and make them autocratic and discourteous ~~to~~ in their attitude towards those who cannot retaliate and for the time must submit to being bullied? I felt quite indignant at the discourtesy shown some of the first class passengers from foreign countries, and I can only imagine what the alien second and third class passengers had to endure from these little tin gods.

Our ship got under way immediately the inspection of passports was over and proceeded slowly across the bay. As she approached her pier several powerful tugs came out and maneuvered so as to place their noses against the hull at strategic points and gradually pushed her into position. Cables were thrown ashore and fastened to the pier and winches aboard were set in motion and gradually and very slowly the great ship was brought gently alongside, the gang planks pushed out, and the passengers streamed over them and into the customhouse. There they waited and watched impatiently for their baggage to appear and be deposited in the section indicated by a sign bearing the initial letters of their surnames. Next they had to proceed to a desk, exhibit their papers, and wait for a clerk to extract from a file the declaration of their personal belongings that they had been

the declaration of their personal belongings that they had been required to fill out and file with the purser several days before landing. Then as soon as a customs inspector was disengaged he would be assigned to a passenger. The inspector, with the declaration of the passenger in his hand, inspects the contents of trunks, suitcases, and other packages, the thoroughness of which depends upon circumstances. In my own case, when we reached my baggage and I was proceeding to open it up, the inspector called me by name and asked if I remembered him. I did not, but he said that at one time he was employed in the Department of Agriculture and remembered me very well. He asked if I had anything dutiable, and when I said no, he checked all the parcels without opening them. I was then free to leave.

I quickly engaged porters and a taxi and was soon crossing the city to the Pennsylvania Railway Station. I had just ten minutes to purchase a ticket, check my baggage, and catch the next train for Washington, that left at 11.10 a.m.

What luxury it was to sit back in my seat in the elegant Pullman coach, because I had seen nothing like it in Europe. And what a comfortable feeling I had when I entered the spick and span dining car and saw the long list of good things on the menu--nothing like it in Europe. And how comfortable the feeling that came from a realization that I was in my own country again where I could understand without effort all that was said, and how good it was to handle real money again. And the newspapers and magazines, how big they were and full of news--nothing like them in Europe. Yes, it was exhilarating to leave one's country, cross the ocean, and to see foreign countries that one had never expected to be able to see, but that was nothing compared with the feeling of satisfaction one has on returning to his homeland.

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I had traveled between Washington and New York many times, was familiar with the landscape and the landmarks, and it was a pleasure to see and recognize them again; but I noticed some things this time that I had forgotten, namely, the unkempt, dirty, and slovenly appearance of some of the manufacturing towns through which we passed, and the numerous blatant signs that disfigured the landscape, and I found myself wondering how it all looked to a European who saw it for the first time.

Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore, and then Washington. What a thrill I got as the train slowed down and came to a full stop in the great railway station in Washington, and the joy of stepping out on the solid ground of my home city. A taxicab took me through familiar streets to my home on 17th Street. I had telegraphed from New York the time of my arrival and when I stepped out of the cab the family, wife and two adopted children, rushed out to meet and greet me. Otis grabbed one of my suitcases and Thelma another and both struggled to carry them up the front steps. It was a warm welcome and a bright and happy homecoming.

Sad news awaited me, however. An old friend of my wife's, Miss Mary Graham, who had lived with us nearly twenty years, died and was buried about a week before my return. She was old and infirm, but we had become so accustomed to her infirmities that her death came as a surprise. In spite of our affection for her, her going simplified our household arrangements somewhat, because she had become very notional, as many old people do, and for many years I had felt that our family life would have been freer and happier if she had elected to live with some of her relatives.

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Office E--991 *Continue.*

7

On December 6 I returned to the office and resumed the routine of administrative duties, the succession of committee meetings and conferences, crop reports, interviews and the like. A few days later, at the request of the Secretary of Agriculture, I addressed a meeting of bureau chiefs and departmental leaders on my European trip and observations. A day or two later Mr. Livingston and I discussed the financial situation of the two bureaux and plans for the coming consolidation. He urged me to ~~affect a~~ transfer to his bureau at a higher salary immediately in order to help plan for the consolidation. I declined on the ground that the merger of the two bureaux had not yet been authorized by Congress.

On the 14th I attended a dinner at the Cosmos Club with the Secretary of Agriculture, bureau chiefs, and a group of representatives of the agricultural colleges, including Dean Russell of Wisconsin, President Pearson of Iowa, Dean Mumford of Illinois, and others, to discuss appropriations. Many of our conferences at this time related to falling prices of agricultural products and proposed legislation for the relief of farmers.

During the week following Christmas I attended meetings of the Association for the Advancement of Science at the University of Chicago, and I addressed the agricultural group on the International Institute of Agriculture, its history, functions, and results of the last General Assembly meeting at Rome. It was bitterly cold in Chicago. At the Dearborn Hotel where I stopped I saw many of the Department specialists, including Dr. Lyman Briggs, Dr. Orton, Dr. Allen, Dr. Shear, Prof. Piper, Dr. Woods, Dr. Ball, and many others. I called on ^{Mr.} Dr. Osman, editor of the Price Current and Grain Reporter. He was exceedingly pessimistic and according to him the world was going to

the dogs. He had just returned from a trip to the Pacific Coast and thought the prices he had to pay for railway fare, Pullman, hotel accommodations, and everything else, were simply outrageous, "Robbery, yes sir, plain robbery." And then the size and noise of cities annoyed him; automobiles were driving horses off the streets; girls were immodest and impertinent and the young men intolerable brainless upstarts; the government was full of graft, corruption, and lunatics; the press was venal and spineless; the churches were being deserted for picture shows and night clubs; surely the world was hastening to wreck and ruin, an inglorious and catastrophic end. Nothing I could say would mollify him.

The last three days of the year Mr. Livingston and I spent at the capitol waiting to be called before a subcommittee of the Committee on Appropriations, of which Mr. Sydney Anderson was chairman; and on the last day of the year we had our hearing. For the second time I presented my enlarged program for the expansion of the crop reporting service. Chairman Anderson seemed to be sympathetic but remarked that the program was too extensive to be seriously considered at a time when it was absolutely necessary to retrench in all government expenditures. I replied that the present appropriation for the Bureau of Crop Estimates was barely sufficient to maintain a highly efficient skeleton organization, and that if the appropriation were reduced I would not be responsible for the accuracy of the crop estimates and forecasts. The proposal to consolidate the Bureau of Crop Estimates and the Office of Markets for the purpose of effecting certain economies in administration and avoid duplication of work met with favor by the committee.

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Private Life. E--993.

7 My family life this year had been satisfactory. We had enjoyed good health. The two adopted children, Otis and Thelma, had grown even more attractive and had made fair progress at school. Sunny Hill Farm had improved in appearance and we had spent most of our week's ends there. At the lower farm we had renovated the dwelling and whitewashed all the buildings, so that it was equally attractive. Feed crops had been good and the barns were full. The hired man had proved unsatisfactory after he received a small inheritance and was replaced by another, a "character," of French Canadian ancestry, Rostine by name. Only one cloud appeared on the horizon. My father and mother were comfortably settled on a small place about half a mile from Sunny Hill and I saw them on our weekly visits. In November father began to suffer from an obscure malady which the local doctor did not seem to understand. However, he improved somewhat before the close of the year and we were hopeful that it would pass.

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The new year, 1921, was to be an eventful one for me, a year of problems public and private, of changes in official status, of daily conferences that took time and were mostly futile and inconclusive, of interviews with newspaper correspondents, and of preparation of memoranda, reports, and papers on all sorts of topics for the new Secretary, that often kept me working far ^tinto the night.

Following the irritation to my eyes from the cinders in the washbowl on the trip from Rome to Paris in November I suffered from severe attacks of inflammation that were exceedingly painful. Also during much of this year I suffered from grippy colds and a touch of malaria which sapped my vitality and left me mentally depressed. Crops at Sunny Hill were poor because of drouth and did not pay expenses. The hired man who stayed on until the first of April, according to Maryland custom, was utterly worthless and quarrel~~x~~ed with the new man I had engaged. The new man promptly began to have trouble with the neighbors. In the summer the dwelling on the lower place burned ~~down~~ down one night and the insurance company disclaimed obligation under a clause in the policy providing that the house should not be vacant more than ten days. This clause was printed in fine type on the back of the policy and had escaped my notice. The house had been vacant some weeks undergoing repairs. I could collect no insurance. A further disquieting event was the fact that father developed a malady, a stricture of the aesophagus, which the doctors did not seem to know how to overcome. To cap the climax, the year closed with an unprecedented discrepancy between the midyear forecast of the cotton crop and the final estimate of December.

In January one conference and interview followed another

with scarcely an interruption, so that in order to keep up with the official correspondence that others could not handle I had to take it home with me and draft replies in shorthand to be dictated to stenographers at every free moment during office hours.

One of the interviews in January was with Floyd Harrison, assistant to Secretary Meredith, who was nervous over the coming change in administration. His father worked in the mechanical shops of the department. Floyd entered the Department as a messenger boy in the Solicitor's office, studied law, graduated, was appointed as a law clerk and by hard work, enthusiasm, and sheer ability rose rapidly. He was transferred to the Secretary's office to assist the private secretary, Mr. Callendar. Upon Mr. Callendar's transfer to my bureau, he became private secretary, and later was made "assistant to the Secretary," in order to raise his salary. In this position he proved invaluable and because of his able presentation of the department's estimates of appropriation before the various committees in Congress he was highly regarded "on the hill." On this occasion he consulted me about an offer he had received from Mr. Eugene Meyer, the banker, to come with him at a salary of \$7,500. He was modestly doubtful whether he could make good and earn such a salary. I assured him that Mr. Meyer was a better judge than he as to his value and urged him to accept the offer. He did so and has been associated with Mr. Meyer ever since.

During the month I took part in several conferences in which Mr. Gray Silver and other officials of the American Farm Bureau were present relative to proposed legislation for the relief of the farm situation.

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I received a very gratifying letter from Henry C. Wallace, our future Secretary, in answer to one I had written in December outlining the needs of the Bureau of Crop Estimates to enable it to supply the statistical and economic data regarding agriculture for which an insistant demand was growing.

Many conferences were held regarding the estimated stocks carried over from the 1920 harvests, as well as with Dr. A. C. True and others regarding the appropriation for the International Institute of Agriculture and the appointment of a permanent delegate.

On the 15th I attended a banquet of the Washington Economic Club and heard interesting addresses by the attorney for the railway brotherhoods, Ben Marsh of the Farmers Council, and Senator Gore of Oklahoma. The address of Senator Gore was especially entertaining because of the vein of sarcasm running through it. Prof. Kemerer of Princeton also gave a good address.

On the 16th I had dinner at the Raleigh Hotel with Mr. Sconce, my colleague at the General Assembly meeting in Rome, and Mr. Kyle, a free lance agricultural engineer and author of a history of the Farm Bureau movement.

After the luncheon Mr. Kyle invited me to accompany him on a visit to his friend, "Uncle Joe" Cannon, the veteran Congressman from Illinois. It was Sunday afternoon and we found the old gentleman alone in his room in the Raleigh Hotel overlooking Pennsylvania Avenue and the Mall. He was comfortable and in a reminiscent mood. I started the flow of reminiscences of early days in Illinois by remarking that my grandparents lived on a prairie farm in Illinois, that they sold their farm with the intention of trekking across the plains to the gold fields in California about 1850, but gave it up because of reports of Indian

massacres, and later settled in the village of Grand ^Detour on Rock River, where my mother was born, and I had heard her describe the Winnebago Indians she saw as a child; and that my wife's father had made the trip from Washington to Rockford, where the railroad ended, and thence across the state to Iowa in a prairie schooner.

"Uncle Joe" sat back in his easy chair, dressed in an old loose fitting suit and slippers, smoking a big cigar, and repeated stories that his father had told him when a boy, and of how his father, a country doctor, lost his life in trying to cross a stream on horseback; of the Lincoln and Douglass debates; of the grim days of the great Civil War; of the marvelous growth of the country in the last quarter of a century; and of some of the exciting times in his half century of Congressional life, and of the changes that had taken place in the appearance of Washington in all that time. It was long after dark when we separated, and I felt quite sure that "Uncle Joe" had enjoyed his afternoon reminiscing for the benefit of his two young friends quite as much as we did in listening to him.

On the 17th I accompanied Assistant Secretary Ball to the hearing before the Foreign Relations Committee of the House to discuss the appropriation item for the International Institute of Agriculture. On the following day I had an interview with Dr. L. O. Howard regarding the kind of testimonial the bureau chiefs should select for presentation to Secretary Meredith on the termination of his administration. It was decided to make up an album with the photograph of each chief of bureau and signed with an autograph expression of good wishes, because the Secretary was known to be a collector of photographs, autographs, and testimonials and it was thought that this would be an appropriate contribution to his collection.

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contribution to his collection.

On the 25th bureau chiefs and representatives of various agricultural institutions had luncheon at the Cosmos Club to consider the agricultural situation and program.

On the 26th I left to attend a Farmers Week meeting at Harrisburg, Pa., and found Congressman Lever of South Carolina, chairman of the Agricultural Committee of the House, on the same train and bound for the same destination. We were met at the station in Harrisburg by a reception committee that took us to the Penn House Hotel, and because of the overcrowded condition of this and other hotels Mr. Lever and I were lodged in the same room. Later we were taken on an automobile ride up the Susquehanna River. In the evening we were guests at a banquet with the Lieutenant Governor, the chairman of the State Chamber of Commerce, the State Secretary of Agriculture, the dean of the State College of Agriculture, and others. After the banquet we adjourned to the auditorium where a large audience was assembled. Congressman Lever and I were on the program as principal speakers. On the train he had remarked that he had not yet selected his subject. I said I had been asked to talk about The World Food Situation, which meant more or less statistics on production and consumption, all rather dry, but I ^{had} no choice in the matter. ^{I said:} "You are fortunate in being left free. Why not break away from dry facts and figures and talk about something relating to agriculture and give free rein to your imagination and thus appeal to the imagination of your audience--for example, The Automobile in Agriculture." He smiled, was silent for a moment, and said "May be," and began to talk about something else. That evening he made a brilliant speech that evoked much applause and his subject was "The Automobile and the Farmer." It was such a good speech that I have since wondered if he had not

was such a good speech that I have since wondered if he had not come prepared to talk on that subject and I had simply caught the idea through intuition or telepathy. I followed with facts, figures, and comments on the world food situation, was listened to attentively and well applauded at the end--whether because the facts I brought to the attention of the audience were in themselves interesting, or the manner of presentation, or that a dull subject and speaker ended so soon, I could not say. At any rate Congressman Lever was good enough to praise my talk. We slept in the same room and returned to Washington by the same train the next morning.

That afternoon I attended a conference of bureau chiefs to consider a published statement of Roger Babson to the effect that farm prices would go much lower. Mr. Babson's forecast was later verified by the course of events and price trends, but at the time it was made and the manner in which it was made aroused much ill feeling on the part of farmers and farm leaders. I was especially indignant and prepared a paper in answer, which was considered at a meeting of bureau chiefs and economists the next day. Dr. H.C. Taylor said it certainly was a "humdinger." It clearly expressed the feelings of the committee, but they were unanimous in saying it was too frank and too severe in its criticisms of commercial and industrial institutions that Mr. Babson chiefly served. The statement I had prepared was the only one presented, but it was toned down in this part and that part, for this, that, or another reason, and so emasculated, that the statement finally agreed upon bore little relation to mine and was quite harmless, and wholly ineffective.

On January 31 I attended a meeting at the Cosmos Club at which three former presidents of the club spoke, all of whom

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the statement finally agreed upon bore little relation to mine
and was quite harmless, and wholly ineffective.

On January 31 I attended a meeting of the Common Club
at which three former presidents of the club spoke, all of whom

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I knew quite well: ~~Dr.~~ Dr. Harvey ~~Wx~~ Wiley, former chief of the Bureau of Chemistry and the real author of the pure food law; Dr. L. O. Howard, chief of the Bureau of Entomology, who more than any other man was responsible for organizing scientific research to combat the hordes of insect enemies of American agriculture; and Dr. Munroe, one of the world's leading experts on high explosives, and my teacher in chemistry at the old Corcoran Scientific School nearly thirty years before. At the time of this meeting all three were still in their mature prime, full of wit and humor, and reminiscences of the days when a small group of scientists in Washington got together and organized the Cosmos Club, which has since become one of the foremost scientific clubs in the world.

On the first day of February I attended meetings of the directors of extension from the State agricultural colleges, the next day met with them in the Secretary's office, and the following day addressed them in my own office.

Throughout the month I spent much time in the Office of Markets, meeting project leaders, studying organization and methods, and analyzing the various regulatory laws assigned to this office for administration and enforcement.

On the 16th I dined with a son of Secretary Meredith at the Raleigh Hotel. The following day at the request of the Secretary I drafted a speech for his use at the unveiling of an oil portrait of David Lubin presented by the Italian government to the U.S. Department of Agriculture. After office hours I had a long interview with Dr. E. D. Ball, who said that he had declined to ~~serve~~ continue to serve as Assistant Secretary under Mr. Wallace. He expressed himself as much disappointed at the se-

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lection of Mr. Wallace to be our next Secretary of Agriculture after March 4th.

On the 21st I attended a reception given by Secretary Meredith to chiefs of bureaux and former Forester Graves and Solicitor Williams, at his apartments on Massachusetts Avenue. Our genial hoste and hostess made it a most agreeable affair.

The next day there was a meeting of Federal Reserve Board officials at the Washington Hotel to consider the subject of business reporting and financing, which I attended.

On the ~~22~~²³_R a group of departmental specialists met in the office of Assistant Secretary Ball to consider and arrange for the systematic study of food products from a nutritional point of view. The Agricultural Bill passed the House of Representatives, carrying a small increase of the crop estimating service and authority for its merger with the Office of Markets.

On the 29th I attended a reception to General Pershing at the Cosmos Club. The general looked older and stouter than I had expected, but distinguished, imposing, and powerful.

On March 1st Madame Agresti, former secretary of David Lubin, who was in the United States on a lecturing tour, called at my office and I introduced her to Secretary Meredith, Assistant Secretary Ball, and our publicity manager, Mr. Harlan Smith, and together we had luncheon with Dr. A. C. True, Director of States Relations. In the afternoon I introduced her to a hastily gathered group of departmental leaders before whom she gave a very interesting talk. Later in the afternoon a large gathering assembled in the auditorium of the National Museum to witness the formal presentation by the Italian Minister ~~of~~ ~~on behalf of~~ the Italian government of the oil painting of David Lubin to the U.S. Department of Agriculture. Secretary Meredith read the speech I

had prepared and the Italian Minister read a speech in Italian. He was a tall and very dignified gentleman and read his speech in a monotonous tone of voice and without any expression. Inasmuch as but few in the audience understood Italian the address of presentation fell flat and there was little or no applause at its conclusion. Then it was that Madame Agresti was asked to interpret the speech of the Minister and gave a wonderful exhibition of her powers of interpretation and expression. With the manuscript of the Minister in her hand, but scarcely looking at it, she advanced to the edge of the platform, and in the purest of literary English from her lips came thrilling words of beauty and passion, a tribute worthy of Lubin, worthy of the Italian government that first gave Lubin recognition, and a tribute to the United States that had given Lubin the opportunity to develop from the Jewish ghetto to become the founder of a great and beneficent International Institute of Agriculture. When Madame Agresti stepped back, flushed with oratorical passion that had possessed her, the audience rose to its feet and applauded enthusiastically. It was a personal triumph for Madame Agresti. The Minister of the Italian government to the United States and the Secretary of Agriculture of the United States had simply played minor parts. I felt justified and vindicated before my colleagues because of the extravagant praise with which I had described her as interpreter in the General Assembly of the Institute upon my return.

Unquestionably she deserved all the praise I could express. I suspect that my admiration for her, at least her ability as an interpreter, came from my experience as a shorthand reporter, because shorthand reporting is simply interpretation of spoken words into written language, but into the same language. ~~The interpreter of languages converts the spoken words of one~~

The interpreter of languages converts the spoken words of one language into those of another language. The shorthand reporter jots down written characters which he later translates into written words, but often he falls behind the speaker and must "carry", that is, remember sentences, and sometimes many sentences, while his pen is catching up during pauses. This is true of all shorthand reporters, even the most phenomenal, because the human voice can outstrip the pen, even if it were only making a dot for each word. Usually these carry-overs last for only a few minutes. The language interpreter listens attentively, usually takes notes, that is, jots down catch words and phrases, and after a period of five or ten minutes tries to reproduce in another language what he has heard. To both the shorthand reporter and the language interpreter it is essential that he understand the subject matter, the vocabulary, and the allusions, whether it be literary, historical, political, or technical; that he enter into and follow the train of thought of the speaker; that he automatically ignore or bridge grammatical errors, hiatuses, repetitions, and give a rendition that will express the thought of the speaker clearly, grammatically, and with fidelity to the language used. I suspect that ~~many~~ competent and outstanding shorthand reporters and language interpreters are among the best educated people in the world and unquestionably have the largest vocabularies and all that those vocabularies signify. Hence my astonishment and admiration when I saw Madame Agresti listen attentively to a speech in English, French, or Italian, of ten to thirty minutes duration, take no notes other than of figures, and stand before a large assembly and reproduce what she had heard in another language with the utmost fidelity to both the words and thought of the speaker, so smoothed and improv-

ed, and with such animation and eclat as to evoke the applause of her hearers. I have heard dozens of the best language interpreters in the world at international gatherings, but none of them approached the genius of Madam Agresti. I have known hundreds of shorthand reporters in this and other countries, some of whom could reproduce a speech without shorthand notes, but in the same language, and I give precedence to Madame Agresti who could reproduce speeches without notes in another language.

To attend this meeting I walked from the Department of Agriculture to the National Museum with Secretary Meredith. On the way he spoke with some feeling over the fact that Henry (Henry C. Wallace), the incoming Secretary, had declined his cordial invitation to come down to the Department of Agriculture on March 5 and be introduced by him to the Bureau Chiefs. Evidently he was disappointed and hurt at this ~~childlike~~ ingrat^cious and discourteous attitude of his successor in office. I was both indignant and disappointed, because Mr. Meredith was a generous and courteous gentleman, and apparently Mr. Wallace was not. For several days I had received intimations from various sources that many of my colleagues were much disturbed at the coming change. In spite of this, I looked forward to Mr. Wallace's administration hopefully, thinking that he would espouse the cause of agriculture and the Agricultural Department in their contest with commercial and industrial interests, and help give agriculture the rank it deserved in national affairs, because that had been the policy of his paper "Wallace's Farmer," and that was the sole reason of his selection as Secretary of Agriculture.

On March 3 I was in conference with Dr. H. C. Taylor and others regarding the \$2,000,000 appropriation that had just passed for making seed grain loans in the northwest.

~~The 14th was inauguration day when President Wilson, the~~

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March 4th was inauguration day in Washington when President Wilson, the professor, passed as a ~~beaten~~^{broken} man out of public life and the easy-going, genial, hail-fellow-well-met Senator Harding became President. I saw them both, but will defer to another chapter comments on the Presidents I have met.

On the 5th Mr. H. C. Wallace was in the office of the Secretary bright and early and ~~was sworn in as Secretary~~^{took the oath of office} before the assembled bureau chiefs and a battery of clicking cameras. After introductions the new Secretary and old bureau chiefs settled down to a preliminary conference. Almost the first topic brought forward was the seed grain loans in the northwestern States. The Secretary turned to me and asked if I would take charge of them. I replied, "Certainly, Mr. Secretary, if I can remain in Washington to look after the consolidation of the Bureau of Crop Estimates and Office of Markets and am allowed to select my own assistants to look after the field organization under my direction." He asked whom I wanted. I answered, "Dr. Warburton, because of his intimate knowledge of agriculture in the northwestern States and ~~in~~ his success in making seed grain loans in those same States in 1918." The Secretary knew Mr. Warburton and at once gave his consent.

For several weeks thereafter I was very busy with Mr. Warburton working out the details of the necessary field organization, regulations, printed forms, instructions, and procedure for making seed grain loans promptly in the drouth stricken States of North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Wyoming, and eastern Washington.

On March 9th I met Mr. Rommel, Chief of the Animal Husbandry Division, at the Cosmos Club and he informed me confidentially that I was to be offered the position of permanent del-

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egate to the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, and that the bureau chiefs all wanted to see me appointed chief of the combined Bureau of Markets and Crop Estimates. This, of course, was news to me, because I was so much occupied with my daily work that I gave no thought to the future. All I could do was to thank Mr. Rommel for tipping me off and express appreciation of the good wishes of my friends.

The following day I had luncheon at the Cosmos Club with Secretary Wallace, Assistant Secretary Ball (who must have changed his mind since our interview), Dr. H. C. Taylor, and one other, to discuss departmental matters.

On the 10th I attended a meeting of the Federal Club (a recent organization of Federal administrative officials) and heard an address by Dr. Willoughby on a proposed budget system for the government.

On the 15th I attended a luncheon at the Cosmos Club given by officials of the Office of Markets to visiting State Marketing officials.

7 *Commerce vs. Agriculture.* I prepared a paper
On the 16th, at the request of Secretary Wallace, on a proposal that was presumed to have originated with Secretary of Commerce Hoover and widely published, to the effect that the executive departments were to be reorganized along new lines, in which paper I set forth the arguments for the retention in the Department of Agriculture of marketing, crop estimating, and farm management activities, defined the logical and legitimate ^{where} boundary/~~between~~ the activities of the Department of Agriculture in the field of marketing agricultural products should end *and* ~~where~~ those of the Department of Commerce should begin. In various conferences ⁱⁿ ~~at~~ which I took part it seemed that Secretary Wallace, Dr. E. D. Ball, and Dr. H. C. Taylor, were greatly concerned

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Wallace, Dr.E.D.Ball,and Dr.H.C.Taylor, were greatly concerned over a probable effort on the part of the Department of Commerce, under the leadership of Mr.Hoover, to take over and absorb all branches of the Department of Agriculture that had anything to do with the statistics of crop production and movement, with the standardization, grading, and distribution of farm products, or with costs of production and distribution. I gathered from them that it was the theory of Mr.Hoover and his colleagues in the Department of Commerce that the Department of Agriculture should confine its activities strictly to promoting production, and that the Department of Commerce should have jurisdiction and begin to function the moment that crops were harvested on the farm. The theory of the officials of the Department of Agriculture, however, was that production does not end simply with the harvest but continues through all the intermediate steps until the finished product finally reaches the table of the consumer. My principal argument in these conferences was that crop estimatess and agricultural statisticians and economists cannot properly record and interpret agricultural data or serve the interests of agriculture unless they are in direct contact with agriculture, with the leaders of agriculture, and with the specialists concerned in promoting agricultural production, which they could not be if attached to a department created to promote commerce and other industries.

I was keenly disappointed in the attitude of Secretary Wallace and his two principal advisers, Dr.Taylor and Dr.Ball, which was that instead of boldly attacking the erroneous and misleading publicity, as we conceived it to be, of the Department of Commerce at the expense of our department, they were in favor of a silent, sleuthing, strategic policy of secrecy, stealth,

and "strategy," a word that bulked large in Dr. Taylor's vocabulary, their idea being to interview outside agricultural leaders and pass the word along, a sort of whispering campaign. This whole policy inspired me with a feeling of disgust, as if the Secretary of Agriculture and his advisers either did not have faith in their cause and the American people or lacked courage to come out in the open and defend it. At that time I felt that I was called into these private conferences between the Secretary and Professors ~~Dr.~~ Taylor and Ball because it was generally thought that I knew more about the Department of Agriculture than any other man in it. Usually I acted in a sort of advisory capacity, listening attentively to what the other two advisers had to say. When the Secretary asked me what I thought I expressed myself freely, frankly, and without reserve or regard to consequences, my only thought being the welfare of the Department of Agriculture, my alma mater, and its service to the great industry of agriculture and the taxpayers. Usually my expression of opinion was or implied a condemnation of the policies proposed by the Drs. Taylor and Ball. I suspect that it was in these conferences that I began to be regarded as an embarrassment to the administration.

Hours of Duty

7 Another feature of the new administration that filled me with disgust was Secretary Wallace's ideas about hours, or rather minutes, of employment in the department and his insistence that all employes should observe them ^{rules} to the exact minute or be penalized in some way. The official hours of duty in all government departments in Washington as established by law, regulation, and custom, were from 9 a.m. to 4.30 p.m., with thirty minutes for luncheon. These hours were generally observed and all Washington was organized accordingly. Mr. Wallace had the ~~lifelong habit of being in his office at 8 a.m. and remaining~~

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Thoughts of Ball

Another feature of the new administration that filled me with disgust was Secretary Wallace's ideas about hours, or rather minutes, of employment in the Department and his insistence that all employees should observe them to the exact minute or be penalized in some way. The official hours of duty in all government departments in Washington as established by law, regulation, and custom, were from 9 a.m. to 4.30 p.m., with thirty minutes for luncheon. These hours were generally observed and all Washington was organized accordingly. Mr. Wallace had the lifelong habit of being in his office at 3 a.m. and remaining

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all Washington was organized accordingly, Mr. Wallace had the lifelong habit of being in his office at 8 a.m., and remaining there until 6 p.m., with no one to check or penalize his irregularities caused by the exigencies of business or modern life. As Secretary of Agriculture he continued to come to his office at 8 a.m., just when the charwomen were cleaning the floors and emptying the waste baskets. For nearly an hour he would have to sit alone in his office, fretting and fuming because no one else was there to help start the business of the day. About 8.45 he would see the clerical force streaming across the grounds from all directions, and he would note with pain that many of them continued to cross the grounds before his window for as much as five, ten, or even fifteen minutes after 9 o'clock. Figuring from 8 a.m., when he arrived, to 9.15 when the stragglers crossed his vision, and settling down to the day's work, he estimated the enormous loss that was sustained by the Department of Agriculture and the taxpayers of the United States. Inside of 48 hours after he took the oath of office he called this matter of hours and tardiness to the attention of bureau chiefs, and he brought up the subject weekly for several months. *P* The third week he called a special meeting of bureau chiefs and announced his desire that guards be stationed at the entrances of all buildings occupied by employees of the department, that all employees arriving after 9 a.m. be required to sign a register with time of arrival, and that a system of registration should be installed to record the departure of all officials and employees whether before or after 4.30 p.m. He also suggested the installation of time clocks. When the Secretary made this announcement the ~~bureau~~ assembled bureau chiefs, as usual when they disapproved of anything the Secretary said, sat in stony silence.

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P The silence became painful, each bureau chief waiting for another to express his thought and disapproval. As the youngest and most venturesome I had the temerity to speak up and try to express what I knew the others thought but did not have the courage to say. In effect I said, "Mr. Secretary, please excuse me, but I speak as one who for many years has rather specialized on organization and efficiency in various branches of the federal government. In the first place the hours of official duty in the government service in Washington ^{are} ~~is~~ prescribed by law, precedent, and regulation as being from 9 a.m. to 4.30 p.m., with half an hour for luncheon, with discretion in the head of the department to prescribe longer hours in case the exigencies of the public service require it. There was such an exigency and such an emergency during the Spanish-American War and again during the World War, and in both of these emergencies the officials and clerks served far into the night, night after night, and sometimes all night, certainly twice as many hours as any farmer or editor in the United States, for which they never received recognition, compensation, or thanks, and they always did it voluntarily and without protest. Now, in time of peace, their contract of service contemplates duty only during the official hours established by the government itself and not by any individual, namely from 9 a.m. to 4.30 p.m. Furthermore, the entire system of life in Washington is based on these official hours of duty, services by apartment houses, restaurants, and transportation companies. Because salaries in Washington have remained stationary while the cost of living during and since the war has more than doubled most government employees are compelled to economize by living in the suburbs or in the country, and are therefore dependent upon the electric lines to bring

and are therefore dependent upon the electric lines to bring them within walking distance of the department, which is half a mile from Pennsylvania Avenue, the main artery of the city. Transportation is interrupted for various reasons and when this happens the employes are delayed by something beyond their control. Surely they should not be penalized in such cases. Another thought, Mr. Secretary, I fear you have overlooked. It is true that the clerical and subclerical employes should be at their posts at a given time and resume their work where they left off, and it is entirely proper that the department should insist that they observe the official hours of duty and be penalized for flagrant or continued nonobservance of those hours, concerning which there can be no question. But how about the very large proportion of employes engaged in scientific research or administration in the department, many of them outstanding leaders in their respective fields, engaged in fundamental research of inestimable value in the United States and throughout the world. These men are the Department of Agriculture, because without them there could be no Department of Agriculture. The clerical and subclerical force are simply a part of their equipment. They are devoted enthusiasts who work at all hours of the day and night in order to take advantage of special conditions and opportunities, or of inspiration utterly beyond the control of the administrative machinery of the department, or even of the head of that department. Shall an outstanding scientific specialist of the department, who could step into private employment at four or five times his government salary, who has worked night after night until 2 a.m. for weeks until he has discovered something or produced something of great and lasting value to mankind, be penalized if he oversleeps for several

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mornings in succession and fails to enter his office building on or before 9 a.m. *P* Mr. Secretary, why have we a Department of Agriculture at all unless it be to get results of value to the farmers and citizens of the United States? what is it they expect from the department? Is it not service, mainly in the form of definite, concrete, valuable results of scientific research and wise administration? What do they care about hours and minutes of the personnel of the department? What does a farmer care about the hours of labor of himself and his hired hands. He is interested solely in the harvest, the results of his and their labor, and in the loyalty of his help when and where help ~~was~~ *is* needed. The clerical and administrative personnel of the department are simply maintained to facilitate scientific research and to communicate ~~those~~ results to the people who pay for it all. If you want to put this department on an hour and minute basis as the most important thing of the present administration, the employees will give you those hours and minutes, but nothing else *of value* and this department will be promptly abolished as it should be. Another question: If employees, clerical and technical alike, are to be penalized for occasional tardiness, as a matter of common justice will they receive credit for their overtime? Surely, Mr. Secretary, in your printing establishment at Des Moines, as in all other private commercial and industrial establishments, employees receive 50 per cent additional for all overtime. Surely, Mr. Secretary, you must know *u* that there has been an increase in the salaries and wages of employees in all private industries, but no increase in government salaries, while the the cost of living has doubled, especially in Washington. Surely if you penalize unavoidable occasional tardiness you can see the

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injustive of ~~xxx~~ not rewarding those who habitually work overtime.

P. My whole experience of thirty years in the federal service convinces me that the moment an office established^s a system of registration the employes conceive the idea that attendance is regarded as more important than work, that it is more important to be at their desks on the minute than it is to do anything after they reach their desks. That mere time serving absolutely kills the spirit of service, which this department has always stood for. Is it possible that the taxpayers of the United States care one iota whether a clerk is five or ten minutes late, or a scientific research worker, rather than in the results of their labor for which they are paid salaries? Is it not probable, on the contrary, that they are supremely interested in the results and service^s that come out of the Department of Agriculture, which can only come from the devoted service of its personnel, which can only be secured by sensible and considerate ~~ir~~ treatment of that personnel as human beings actuated by the considerations of fair treatment that autucate you, and I, and every other human being. I for one vote against time clocks and registration, and emphasis on attendance to the minute rather than ~~on~~ real work after the personnel reaches the office. What is needed above all things is loyal, interested, efficient service, without regard to hours and minutes. The most inefficient and least vsluable employe in my bureau, or in any other bureau, is the one who works by the clock. I protest."

When I concluded my outbreak Secretary Wallace looked me straight in the eye with a solemn countenance, his blue eyes and red hair very much in evidence, and I returned the look. I glanced around and saw that some of my colleagues were apprehensive, but most of them were smiling and nodding approval--

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evidently I had expressed their thought^t and practical experience, and knowledge of conditions in the department. ~~Thxs~~ After an awkward pause, the Secretary asked, "are there any other remarks?" The only response came from Prof. Marvin, Chief of the Weather Bureau, appointed directly by the President and not by the Secretary of Agriculture and therefore more independent than the other bureau chiefs, and with whom I had been in friendly controversy for several years because of certain overlapping of function between our bureaus, ~~who~~ ^{He} said in effect that he was in entire agreement with what I had said.

The meeting adjourned without any modification of the Secretary's instructions, which were faithfully observ^ed for some months to the great inconvenience and at considerable expense to the department.

To me this whole question of hours and minutes of attendance at offices and desks seemed to be one for each head of office to decide, because he alone could know his personnel, what they accomplished, and their personalities and circumstances. To me it seemed, also, that the question of hours and minutes of ~~service~~ official presence for duty was negligible in comparison to getting work done and results, for which the head of each office was responsible. ~~To me, furthermore,~~ ^{Also, it seemed to me that} this emphasis upon time rather than work and results was the measure of a small man from a small town. ~~I still think so~~ To me loyalty, interest, intelligent and ~~and~~ hearty cooperation, efficient service, and accomplishment, meant more than a few minutes irregularity in attendance. I still think so. Personally I frequently came to the office at 8 a.m. and worked until after midnight, or took work home and worked until morning, so I understood the situation of hundreds of employees who did the same, especially those in responsible positions or who were engaged in scientific research.

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ployes who did the same, especially those in responsible positions or engaged in scientific research.

Early in the new administration I noticed that Dr.H.C.Taylor and Dr.E.D.Ball, especially the former, made it a practice to show up at the Secretary's office on his arrival at 8 a.m. They sympathized with him, courted him, flattered him, and shaped his policy for him at that early hour before the departmental machinery began to revolve. As for myself, I never called on the Secretary before the official hour of business, 9 a.m., unless he sent for me, which occasionally happened. On every such occasion I found Drs.Taylor and Ball waiting patiently outside to be admitted, and exceedingly curious as to what had passed between the Secretary and me.

On March 1⁶ a banquet was given by bureau chiefs to Secretary Wallace at the Cosmos Club/with and address by Secretary Wallace at the Cosmos Club/by mild mannered, lovable Dr. A.C.True, with a response from Secretary Wallace in which he announced that he had accepted the post of Secretary of Agriculture without any political obligations and that he expected to make no material changes in departmental personnel. On this occasion Dr. Carl Alsberg, chief of the Bureau of Chemistry and one of the ablest men in the department, announced his resignation to become director of the Food Research ~~Lab~~ Foundation in California.

On March 17 I was called into conference with Secretary Wallace and Assistant Secretary Ball with reference to the appointment of a permanent delegate at the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome. Dean Hunt of the University of California, while on his Sabbatical year of leave, had served as a temporary stop gap by holding the position until the expiration of his leave. At the suggestion of Dr.Ball it was decided to recommend the appointment of Dr.Stephenson of the Iowa State Uni-

versity, who was about to take his year of Sabbatical leave, to the post at Rome.

Transfer to Office of Markets.

7 On March 18, after repeated solicitation by Mr. Livingston, chief of the Office of Markets, I wrote a recommendation to the Secretary of Agriculture that I be transferred to the Office of Markets as associate chief, effective on the first of April. Early the next morning Secretary Wallace sent for me. He had in his hand my proposal for an early transfer. He looked at me with a very peculiar expression and said, "Mr. Estabrook, do you think this is a wise course to pursue?" I answered, "Yes, Mr. Secretary, I think so. The merger of the two bureaus has been authorized by Congress to take effect on the first of July. Because of the importance of the information the combined bureau will make available relating to agricultural production, marketing and distribution, ~~in~~ in conjunction with the ever increasing demand for and appreciation of the value of such information, I shall expect this new bureau to become one of the largest and most important in the Department of Agriculture. Until recently the two bureaus have overlapped in some things which has caused friction between the personnel. Now they are to be brought together. Good organization and harmonious functioning is of supreme importance to the efficiency and success of the new bureau. My experience for many years has been that of what might be called a government efficiency expert. It seems to me highly important that I lose no time in beginning to ^{study} the organization, personnel, and work of the Office of Markets at first hand and with proper authority. I already know all that is to be known about the Bureau of Crop Estimates. If I can know as much about the Office of Markets I can bring the two bureaus together without jar or friction, with the functions of each unit clearly defined and the right men picked for each. By July 1st I want to be the best informed man in the

for each. By July 1st I want to be the best informed man in the department on the organization, functions, and personnel of the new bureau, and to do that I will need about three months of intensive preparation. A further reason is that Mr. Livingston has been urging me for several months to make the transfer without delay, which leads me to believe that my presence is needed for reasons other than those I have mentioned."

The next question was, "After you leave, who should be in charge of the Bureau of Crop Estimates until the merger takes effect on July 1st?" "Mr. Nat C. Murray," I replied instantly, "the best crop estimator, if not the best statistician, in the United States. He is so modest and unassuming that he disclaims any liking or ability for administration, but ^{he} has served as acting chief on many occasions during my absence in the field. I respect him, I admire him, I love him, and I would trust him with any responsibility connected with the Bureau of Crop Estimates. Furthermore, he has had no promotion in recent years, and in view of his exceptional service I think it would be a graceful act to give him recognition by bestowing upon him the title of "Chief of the Bureau of Crop Estimates" during the last three months of its separate and independent existence."

The Secretary replied, "I had my doubts, but you are very convincing, and I will approve your transfer," which he did the same day. At this interview Secretary Wallace asked me to recommend a competent economist to study the effect of the tariff on agriculture. I promised to make inquiries.

Agricultural Attaches
On the 22d I sat in conference with Mr. Livingston and Mr. Julius Klein of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce to consider the question of organizing a foreign service. After ~~office hours Secretary Wallace sent for me to discuss the question~~

office hours Secretary Wallace sent for me to discuss the question of reorganization of the federal departments, with special reference to the allocation of crop estimates^{ing} and marketing activities of the Department of Agriculture, especially in the foreign field. Again I urged that the Department should publicly, openly and aboveboard, and vigorously ^{advocate} the appointment of agricultural attaches to be stationed at strategic points abroad and to keep the government informed of what was taking place with respect to agricultural production, marketing, and consumption, supply and demand, in foreign countries, a function which I did not believe any expert salesman of shoes, motor cars, or machinery could do as a commercial attache in the Department of Commerce. And I cited specific instances of glaring blunders that had been made by commercial attaches. Again Secretary Wallace impressed me as being overcautious.

On the 24th I received a nice letter of congratulations from Secretary Wallace on my 52d birthday.

On the 26th I wrote a reply to an editorial in a Washington newspaper to the effect that Secretary of Commerce Hoover proposed to make a world survey of production and consumption of food (agricultural) products. On the same day I attended the weekly luncheon of the Farm Hands Club, an informal and indefinite group of representatives of the agricultural press, agricultural associations, and lobbyists or Washington representatives of corporations or organizations doing business with agriculture

Farm Hands Club.

7 The organization of the Farm Hands Club was brought about by Clyde C. Marquis, for some years representative of the Country Gentleman in Washington and later in charge of the Information Service in the Bureau of Agricultural Economics. The only quali-

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fiction for membership ^{was} ~~wa~~ for an invited guest, invited because he had something of interest to communicate regarding some phase of agriculture, especially agricultural leadership, ~~programs~~, or proposed plans, or pending/legislation, to tell the club in a few words just what he or his organization was trying to accomplish. It was clearly understood that anything said before the club was for the information and enlightenment of the members and not for quotation or publication. From time to time the Secretary of Agriculture, the head of the Farm Loan Board, the head of the American Farm Bureau Federation, representatives of the dairy interests, or the fertilizer interests, or delegations representing the sugar interests, or the specialized fruit industries of the Pacific Coast, or agricultural explorers or specialists from the Department of Agriculture, or any member of the club ^{who} ~~he~~ had returned from a trip over a portion of the United States, or to Europe, or other part of the world, was present and called upon to tell the club who or what he represented, what he advocated, or what he had seen or heard. To me this has been the most satisfactory club, if it may be called a club, that I have ever belonged to, and whenever I was ~~or am~~ in Washington I attended ^{ed} its Tuesday luncheons regularly. Unless a special delegation ^{was} ~~is~~ present it ^{was} ~~is~~ the custom for Mr. Marquis, founder and perpetual president, to call upon each member in turn for remarks or items of news that might be of interest. ~~Atxixix~~

At the meeting on March 26th, when my name was called, I said it might be of interest, as a matter of confidential information, that the Secretary of Agriculture had approved my transfer from the Bureau of Crop Estimates to the Office of markets, effective on April 1st, to facilitate the merger of the ~~two bureaus that had been authorized by Congress to take effect~~

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two bureaus that had been authorized by Congress to take effect on July 1st. Assistant Secretary E.D. Ball was present and I noticed a look of surprise and consternation on his face. During the afternoon he telephoned ~~for~~ me to come to his office after closing time. When I did so he seemed ~~much~~ embarrassed and expressed much surprise that I had announced my traⁿsfer to the Office of Markets, because he understood from Secretary Wallace that I was to be appointed chief of the combined bureau. I remarked that it seemed a little curious that no hint of such an intention had been given me. That evening he telephoned me at ~~xxxxxx~~ my residence that he had seen the Secretary, that evidently there was some misunderstanding, and that the Secretary would send for me the next morning.

Early the next morning Assistant Secretary Ball called to say that the evening before the Secretary had said he would cancel my transfer and appoint me as chief of the combined bureau, but that early this morning he had changed his mind because the transfer had been announced in the press. Shortly afterwards Secretary Wallace sent for me. He seemed greatly perturbed over what he called a premature announcement of my transfer to the Office of Markets. He said he had charged Dr. Ball to tell me of his intention to make me chief of the new bureau, and thought I fully understood the situation, but had declined by proposing a transfer as associate chief. He regretted that it was now too late to make the change, but he wanted the bureau to be reorganized and when that was accomplished he would make me its chief. I ~~replied~~ answered, "Mr. Secretary, my proposed transfer to the Office of Markets as associate chief was a matter of record and had been discussed before Dr. Ball several weeks previously in an interview at which Mr. Livingston was present and

two persons that had been authorized by Congress to take effect on July 1st. Assistant Secretary A.D. Ball was present and I noticed a look of surprise and consternation on his face. During the afternoon he telephoned me to come to his office after closing time. When I did so he seemed very embarrassed and expressed much surprise that I had announced my transfer to the Office of Markets, because he understood from Secretary Wallace that I was to be appointed chief of the combined bureau. I remarked that it seemed a little curious that no hint of such an intention had been given me. That evening he telephoned me at my residence that he had seen the Secretary, that evidently there was some misunderstanding, and that the Secretary would send for me the next morning.

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gave his reasons for wanting the transfer made as soon as possible. I had not the slightest hint of your intention to make me chief of the combined bureau until last evening when Dr. Ball first mentioned it. When I asked why he had not mentioned it sooner he ~~said~~ said he had simply overlooked it and thought I already knew about it. I repeat, the first intimation I had of your desire or intention in the matter was ^a last evening. I ~~a~~ greatly appreciate your good intentions and if I could only have known of them I would gladly have accepted the appointment and the responsibility and I would cooperate in any way, but I did not know and simply went ahead in good faith to carry out the plans already made and decided upon, that were fully known, and that had the written approval of ybu and the oral approval of DrBall. It seems to me that inasm^such as I was deeply concerned I should have been informed of the change in plans."

Seeing that the Secretary was embarrassed and remained silent, I proceeded: "Now, Mr. Secretary, the important thing is to bring about the consolidation of the two bureaus in the most efficient and harmonious manner for the good of the service. That was my only reason for consenting to the loss of identity of the Bureau of Crop Estimates, and after consenting ^{to make that sacrifice I am} for doing all in my power to make the new bureau a success, regardless of its effect on my personal status; so if you feel that the ^{announcement of the} change that you approved ^{several} ~~was announced~~ two days before it actually was to go into effect is embarrassing to you, and that it would be even more embarrassing to you to cancel that action, then please forget it, let the present arrangement proceed, and count on me for the fullest cooperation. . My principal desire and thought^t is to see the new bureau succeed and justify the changes that are about to be made and become the leading bureau of this or any other department; otherwise, I would prefer to

I have no reason for wanting the transfer made as soon as possible. I had not the slightest hint of your intention to make me chief of the combined bureau until last evening when Dr. Ball first mentioned it. When I asked why he had not mentioned it sooner he said he had simply overlooked it and thought I already knew about it. I repeat, the first intimation I had of your desire or intention in the matter was last evening. I greatly appreciate your good intentions and I could only have known of them I would gladly have accepted the appointment and the responsibility and I would cooperate in any way, but I did not know and simply went ahead in good faith to carry out the plans already made and decided upon, that were fully known, and that had the written approval of you and the oral approval of Dr. Ball. It seems to me that inasmuch as I was deeply concerned I should have been informed of the change in plans.

Seeing that the secretary was embarrassed and remained silent, I proceeded: "Now, Mr. Secretary, the important thing is to bring about the consolidation of the two bureaus in the most efficient and harmonious manner for the good of the service. That was my only reason for consenting to the loss of identity of the Bureau of Crop Estimates, and after consenting for doing all in my power to make the new bureau a success, regarding its effect on my personal status; so if you feel that the change that you approved ~~was announced~~ ^{announced} two days before it actually was to go into effect is embarrassing to you, and that it would be even more embarrassing to you to cancel that action, then please forget it. Let the present arrangement proceed, and count on me for the fullest cooperation. My principal desire and thought is to see the new bureau succeed and justify the changes that are about to be made and become the leading bureau of this or any other department; otherwise, I would prefer to

of this or any other department; otherwise, I would prefer to black shoes or sell popcorn on the streets. Under no circumstances will I retaliate against others, or seek Congressional influence from the States of Illinois, Texas, or Maryland. In fact I am strongly tempted to resign right here and now to accept a private position at a much higher salary, but I feel that there is no one else who can facilitate the organization of the new bureau as I can." Secretary Wallace seemed much relieved at my statement and grasped me warmly by the hand when we parted. I confess I was disappointed both at what had happened and at the Secretary's lack of decision, and disgusted ^{that} at the secrecy that had surrounded a matter in which I was directly concerned. *with so much secrecy.*

That same forenoon Assistant Secretary Ball sent for me to know the result of my interview with the Secretary. I told him that the Secretary seemed rather put out because ~~he~~ his specific message to me had not been delivered, that I had been left in the dark to follow a program that he had approved but later modified without my knowledge, which had led to a regrettable misunderstanding. Dr Ball acknowledged the facts and was very apologetic.

Two days later, on April 1st, I reported for duty at the Office of Markets and was welcomed by Mr. Livingston, chief, and his project leaders and principal assistants. I was assigned to a room adjoining his and thenceforward was busily engaged in meeting project leaders and studying the laws, regulations, organization, system, and methods of the Office of Markets. I continued to serve as the chairman of the Crop Reporting Board and as a member of various committees and departmental conferences.

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On April 8 I attended a meeting of the Washington Branch of the American Statistical Society which discussed the question of the national income.

On the 11th I attended a meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Farm Bureau; ^{Federation} and on the 14th another meeting of the same organization, to consider its reorganization. On other days I was called into conference by the Secretary with Dr. H. C. Taylor and Dr. E. D. Ball about various departmental and public problems as they arose.

On the 26th the Secretary asked me to prepare a statement on the outstanding achievements of the Department.

~~On The 26th~~ ^{same day} I met with the Secretary and Bureau chiefs at a farewell supper given at the Cosmos Club in honor of Mr. Rawl, former chief of the Dairy Division, who was leaving to join an organization in California at a much higher salary.

On May 3 I represented the department at a meeting of the Economists Club at the Navy Department building. On the 4th Secretary Wallace complained of the lack of trained economists in the department and the difficulty of getting constructive ideas and action, to which I replied, "Mr. Secretary, neither a college education nor a college reputation, nor a Ph.D. degree, ever shortened a jackass's ears. What you want is men of both farm and public experience, understanding, imagination, and vision; and above all things the rarest of all qualifications, 'common sense.'"

On the 5th Prof. Pearson, economist of Cornell called. On the 9th I had an interview with Prof. Stephenson of Iowa who was on his way to Rome as permanent delegate to the International Institute of Agriculture. On the 11th I participated in a conference in the Secretary's office to consider the establishment of

post graduate courses of study in the department, and a few days later I was designated to represent the new Bureau of Markets and Crop Estimates ^{on a committee to organize} such a course of study and instruction in the scientific research branches of the department.

On May 25 I was designated by the Secretary as a member of a committee with Assistant Secretary Ball, Dr. H. C. Taylor, Chief of the Office of ~~Markets~~ ^{Frank M. Munn} and Dr. John H. Mohler, Chief of Animal Industry, to study the agricultural situation and the reorganization of the department.

There were innumerable other conferences in April and May that took much time and often made it necessary to work far into the night.

One June 1 the Secretary and bureau chiefs gave a dinner at the Cosmos Club in honor of Dr. Carl Alsberg, former chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, Dr. E. A. Taylor, nutrition expert and assistant to the Secretary during a portion of the war period, and Mr. Davis, economist of Harvard, the three men who constituted the Food Research Institute at the University of California, supported by an endowment of funds from the Rockefeller Institute.

On May 8 the Secretary asked me to prepare a report on the work of the committee on economics, and another on what chambers of commerce might do to promote agriculture. The latter statement was mimeographed and given wide distribution.

On the 9th I was in conference with Dr. H. C. Taylor and Dr. Ely of the Wisconsin University, mostly about the obvious necessity of reducing wages to bring about economic readjustment.

On the 10th I had an interview with Dean Hunt, on his way from the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome to reenter upon duty at the University of California. On the

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11th I prepared a statement regarding the appropriation for the Institute.

On the 14th the Secretary asked me to prepare a summary of the agricultural ~~rice~~ ^{price} situation for use of the ~~Agricultural~~ Farm Block in Congress. Also met with Secretary Wallace and members of the economics committee to consider his request that the committee proceed to recommend the reorganization of the department so as to function along purely economic lines.

On the 15th prepared an answer for the Secretary to an editorial criticising the department. In the afternoon met with the economics committee to consider Dr.H.C.Taylor's ~~pro~~ proposal that his Office of Farm Management be included in the consolidation of Markets and Crop Estimates to form a Bureau of Agricultural Economics. That is, Dr.Taylor was now proposing what I had proposed some months previously, namely, the consolidation of the three branches of the department concerned in the collection, summarizing, and publication of statistical and economic data relating to agriculture, in order to avoid duplication and unnecessary expense and promote efficiency. This proposal met with favor and ultimately resulted in establishing the Bureau of Agricultural Economics.

On the 16th dictated an article for the Secretary of Agriculture, attended a committee meeting on reclassification of salaries, had an interview with Col.Taylor of the War Department on the warehousing of cotton, prepared a series of index numbers for the Secretary, and was interviewed by Mr.Kennedy of the Washington Star on the constructive work of the economics committee and the things the Joint Commission of Congress on Agricultural Inquiry would probably investigate.

